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Here is the true-hearted serenader.

Here is the lady-love whom he would have serenaded.

Only he played his tunes outside the wrong window.

WORK OF THE WITS.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

SPARKLING WIT AND HUMOR

FAVORITE READINGS FROM POPULAR HUMORISTS· WIT AND HUMOR OF ALL NATIONS; MISERIES OF LIFE HUMOROUSLY TREATED; POETICAL PLEASANTRIES; MISCELLANEOUS SMILES; CONUNDRUMS; ETC.

BY

A. CRAIG.

Ah! in this troubled world of ours,
  A laughter-mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers,
  Is half a pain and half a pleasure;
And why be grave instead of gay?
  Why feel athirst when folks are quaffing?
Oh! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
  There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never cry while you can sing,
But laugh like me at everything.
—W. M. PRAED.

CHICAGO:
A. CRAIG & CO.,
180 & 182 MONROE ST.
1881.

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1881.

PREFACE.

Let us laugh as well as cry! Life is full of care, toil, and trouble, and the weary toiler's body and brain soon become exhausted under the strain. What better antidote for the ills of life than the participation in a merry laugh, or in the enjoyment which comes from the reading of the humorous stories of the fun-makers.

Laughter acts like a tonic upon the system, sets the blood in active circulation, and makes the gloomy heart forget its troubles for the time. It is a foe to gossip and envy, and a guardian of good. Fun is the sunshine of the home and the social circle; and without it, life becomes dull and insipid. The happy, smiling face, what a pleasant picture it is, especially if it reflects the image of the soul within.

PREFACE.

We give too much time to business, and are as studious as philosophers in our daily toil. Indeed,

> "There's nothing here on earth deserves
> One half the thought we waste about it,
> And thinking but destroys the nerves,
> When we could do as well without it.
> If folks would let the world go round,
> And pay their tithes and eat their dinners,
> Such doleful looks would not be found,
> To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
> Never sigh when you can sing,
> But laugh, like me, at everything!"

"WORK OF THE WITS" is presented to the public as containing many of the popular humorous pieces by the great wits, besides many rare and original selections in poetry and prose. The book, the magazine, and the newspaper have contributed towards the contents of the volume, and to these sources the compiler acknowledges his indebtedness. In every case credit has been given where the authorship could be ascertained.

With the hope that the volume may be the means of transforming the tear to a smile, and the sigh to a laugh, making its readers, young and old, sad and gay, happier for its perusal, it is sent forth on its joy-giving mission.

THE COMPILER.

CONTENTS.

HUMOROUS READINGS.

PAGE.

MARK TWAIN:

Buck Fanshaw's Funeral, . . 13
Mark Twain and the Interviewer, . . 22
To Raise Poultry, . . . 28
My First Literary Venture, . . 31
Miscellaneous Smiles, . . . 34

ARTEMAS WARD:

Extracts from His Popular Lecture, . 35

BURDETTE:

The Brakeman Goes to Church, . 38

JOSH BILLINGS:

His Wise and Humorous Sayings, . 43

MRS. PARTINGTON:

Her Queer and Instructive Sayings, . 49

PETROLEUM V. NASBY:
The Effect of the Proclamation of Secretary Seward in Kentukcy, . . 55

JAMES M. BAILEY:
The Danbury Newsman, . . 59
How Mr. Coville Counted the Shingles on His House, ... 61
Mr. Coville's Easy Chair, . . 63

MAX ADELER:
How to Go to Sleep—Mr. Butterwick's Experiment, ... 66

DOUGLAS JERROLD:
Caudle's Wedding Day, . . 69

ANONYMOUS.
The Hole in the Carpet, . . 74
Going Through the Tunnel, (Illustrated) . 81
Slang of the Day, ... 85

WILLIAM M. CARLETON:
Air and Light; A Doctor's Story, (Illustrated) 88
Kitty O'Carrol, ... 92
The Romance of a Pair of Pants; In Five Parts, (Illustrated) 94
The Old Bachelor,—*Tom Hood*,—Original Poem, 97
Kilrooney's Visit to London, . . 99

Engagement for the Next Set, . . . 101
Bohunkas and Josephus, (Illustrated) . 102
The Sea! The Sea! 105
The Bill of Fare, ... 107
First Reader Lessons, (Illustrated) . . 108
When the Maiden Isn't Hugging, . . 112

POETICAL PLEASANTRIES.

Poetical Pleasantries, . . . 113
The Sad Fate of Tom Green and Old Skyle's Gray Mare, (Illustrated) . . 115
How a Joke was Played on Cooley, (Illustrated) 118
A Terrible Fall, ... 121
A Mule Will Be a Mule, (Illustrated) . 122

JUVENILE WIT.—(Illustrated.)

Juvenile Wit, (Illustrated) . . 126
What is a Tare, ... 128
A Retentive Memory, . . . 129
Class in Ornithology, . . . 129
Afraid, ... 130
Too Bad, ... 131
Cut for a New Deal, ... 132
An Intelligent Pupil, . . . 133

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Of the Country, . . . 135
Of the City, ... 137
Miseries Personal, ... 149

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

Irish Wit and Blunders, . . . 143
Dialogue, ... 148
Peculiarities of Mike, ... 151
Miscellaneous, ... 154

NEGRO HUMOR.

Negro Humor, ... 158
Delirium Tremendus, ... 160
De Pen an' de Sword, ... 161
He Wasn't Ready, ... 164
De Pervisions, Josiar, ... 165

DUTCH HUMOR.

Der Drummer, (Illustrated) . . 168
Vas Bender Henspecked? . . . 172
Snyder's Nose, ... 174
Dot's Me, ... 177
Very Good Cider, ... 178
Sockery Setting a Hen, ... 179

MISCELLANEOUS SMILES.

Miscellaneous Smiles, ... 181
An Alligator Story, (Illustrated) . . 191
Society Sketches, (Illustrated) . . 193
The Tramp, (Illustrated) . . 195
Waiting up for His Wife, (Illustrated) . 196
The Story of a Smoke—In Six Acts, (Illustrated) 209
A Total Eclipse, (Illustrated) . . 215
The Surprise Party—Poem, (Illustrated) . 217

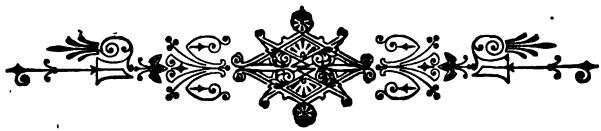
FACETIÆ.

Frederick Tells His Love, . . . 230
Naming the Baby, ... 231
Good Advice, ... 234
Horse Radish, ... 235
American Courtship,—Poem, . . . 237
Mary's Little Lamb—New, . . 238
When to Set a Hen, ... 239
Illustrated Lessons on Base Ball, . . 240
Love's Troubles Suicidal, (Illustrated) . . 242

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Man Who Hadn't Any Objection. . 245
The Merry Bulldog and The Pants, . . 246
A Family Episode, ... 247
Anecdotes Respecting Clergymen, . . 249
The Barber and The Farmer, (Illustrated) . 251
Contrasts, (Illustrated) 252
Fishing Scenes, (Illustrated) . . . 256

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!"



THE BEST
Humorous Readings.

FROM THE WORKS OF THE

POPULAR WITS.

MARK TWAIN.

BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL.

Somebody has said that in order to know a commnnity, one must observe the style of its funerals and know what manner of men they bury with most ceremony. I cannot say which class we buried with most eclat in our "flush times," the distinguished public benefactor or the distinguished rough—possibly the two chief grades or grand divisions of society honored their illustrious dead about equally; and hence, no doubt, the philosopher I have quoted from would have needed to see two representative funerals in Virginia before forming his estimate of the people.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man," not in his own quarrel to be sure,

but in defense of a stranger beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet, whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and had been a very Warwick in politics. When he died there was great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom-stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broken his neck, and, after due deliberation, the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of "Death by the visitation of Providence!" What could the world do without uries!

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal and fire-company flags were hung at half-mast, aud all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform, and bring their machines duly draped in black.

Now—let us remark in parenthesis—as all the peoples of the earth had representative adventurers in the Silverland, and as each adventurer had brought the slang of his nation, or his locality with him, the combination made the slang of Nevada the richest and the most infinitely varied and copious that had ever existed anywhere in the world, perhaps, except in the mines of California in the "early days." Slang was the language of Nevada. It was hard to preach a sermon without it, and be understood. Such phrases

as "You bet!" "Oh, no I reckon not!" "No Irish need apply," and a hundred others, became so common as to fall from the lips of a speaker unconsciously—and very often when they did not touch the subject under discussion, and consequently failed to mean anything.

Regretful resolutions were passed, and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was deputed to call on the minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgeling from an eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committe-man, "Scotty" Briggs made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness, explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said, in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh and a half sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got the rights of it, and you're the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that card. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Can you not simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause and more reflection. Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last head of your'n is too many for me—that's the Idea. I can't neither trump nor follow it."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed.

Scotty leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful, but confident.

"Ive got it now, so's you can savvy," said he. What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you say so before! I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!" — extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind me snuffling a little, becuz we'er in a power of trouble. You see one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throw'd up the sponge, you know."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah—has he departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return? Well I reckon not. Why, pard, he's *dead*."

"Yes, I understand."

"Ah, you do? Well, I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"*Again!* Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No. Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet he's awful dead

now; poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I know'd him by the back; and when I know a man like him, I freeze to him—you hear *me*. Take him all around, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever know'd Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know; it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes indeed. I's a kind of a hard world after all, ain't it? But pard, he was a rustler. You ought to seen him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Jest spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an injun!"

'On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? *He* did'nt give a continental—for *anybody*. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of cramp down and and draw every thing mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse! Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it; that s our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slough;

solid silver door plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box, with a biled shirt and a plug hat on—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you* pard. We'll fix you all right. There be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want you just 'scape out, and we will tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just you go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things goin' wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating *he* wasn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic; but it did'nt make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's rights was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic boneyard and started to stake out town lots in it, he went for 'em too! I was there pard, and I see it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was entirely defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you have stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather,

had he ever been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most to many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw, you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip 'till I look at my hand. A good man says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lam any galloot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it got a start; and every body said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner in the other, and sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had that riot all broke up and prevented nice before anybody had a chance to strike a blow. He was always for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon, and took a couple of six shooters and mounted

from ten to thirty minutes, according to the ease or difficuly they experience in getting the public waked up) and your friend carries with him a sack. Arrived at the hen roost (your neighbor's, not your own), you light a match and hold it under first one and then another pullet's nose until they are willing to go into that bag without any trouble about it. You then return home, either taking the bag with you or leaving it behind, according as circumstances shall dictate. N. B. I have seen the time when it was eligible and appropriate to leave the sack behind and walk off with considerable velocity, without ever leaving any word where to send it.

In the case of the other method mentioned for raising poultry, your friend takes along a covered vessel with a charcoal fire in it, and you carry a long slender plank. This is a frosty night understand. Arrived at the tree, or fence, other hen roost (your own if you are an idiot), you warm the end of your plank in your friend's fire vessel, and then raise it aloft and ease it up gently against a slumbering chicken's foot. If the subject of your attention is a true bird, he will infallibly return thanks with a sleepy cluck or two, and step out and take up quarters on the plank, thus becoming so conspicuously accessory before the fact to his own murder as to make it a grave question in our minds, as it once was in the mind of Blackstone, whether he is not really and deliberately committing suicide in the second degree. [But you enter into a contemplation of these legal refinements subsequently—not then].

When you wish to raise a fine, large, donkey voiced Shanghai rooster, you do it with a lasso, just as you would a bull. It is because he must be choked, and

choked effectually, too. It is the only good, certain way, for whenever he mentions a matter which he is cordially interested in, the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that he secures somebody else's immediate attention to it too, whether it be day or night.

The Black Spanish is an exceedingly fine bird and a costly one. Thirty-five dollars is the usual figure, and fifty not uncommon price for a specimen. Even its eggs are worth from a dollar to a dollar and a half a piece, and yet so unwholesome that the city physician seldom or never orders them for the workhouse. Still I have seen once or twice procured as high as a dozen at a time for nothing, in the dark of the moon. The best way to raise the Black Spanish fowl is to go late in the evening and raise a coop and all. The reason I recommend this method is, that the birds being so valuable, the owners do not permit them to roost around promiscuously, but put them in a coop as strong as a fire-proof safe, and keep it in the kitchen at night. Ths method I speak of is not always a bright and satisfying success, and yet there are so many little article of vertu about a kitchen, that if you fail on the coop you can generally bring away something else. I brought away a nice steel trap one night, worth ninety cents.

But what is the use in my pouring out my whole intellect on this subject? I have shown the Western New York Poultry Society that they have taken to their bosom a party who is not a spring chicken by any means, but a man who knows all about poultry, and is just as high up in the most efficient methods of raising it as the President of the institution himself. I

thank these gentlemen for the honorary membership they have conferred upon me, and shall stand at all times ready and willing to testify my good feeling and my official zeal by deeds as well as by this hastily penned advice and information. Whenever they are ready to go to raising poultry, let them call for me any evening after eleven o'clock, and I shall be on hand promptly.

My First Literary Venture.

I was a very smart child at the age of thirteen—an unusually smart child, I thought at the time. It was then that I did my firstnewspaper scribbling, and most unexpectedly to me it stirred up a fine sensation in the community. It did, indeed, and I was very proud of it, too. I was a printer's "devil," and a progressive and aspiring one. My uncle had me on his paper (the Weekly Hannibal Journal, two dollars a year in advance—five hundred subscribers, and they paid in cordwood, cabbages, and unmarketable turnips), and on a lucky summer's day he left town to be gone a week, and asked me if I though I could edit one issue of the paper judiciously. Ah! didn't I want to try! Higgins was the editor on the rival paper. He had lately been jilted, and one night a friend found an open note on the poor fellow's bed, in which he stated that he could no longer endure life and had drowned himself in Bear Creek. The friend ran down there and discoved Higgins wading back to shore! He had

concluded he wouldn't. The village was full of it for several days, but Higgins did not suspect it. I thought this was a fine opportunity. I wrote an elaborately wretched account of the whole matter, and illustrated it with villainous cuts engraved on the bottoms of wooden type with a jack-knife—one of them a picture of Higgins wading out into the creek in his shirt, with a lantern, sounding the depth of the water with a walking stick. I thought it was desperately funny, and was densely unconscious that there was any moral obliquity about such a publication. Being satisfied with this effort I looked around for other worlds to conquer, and it struck me that it would make good, interesting matter to charge the editor of a neighboring country paper with a piece of gratuitous rascality and "see him squirm."

I did it, putting the article into the form of a parody on the "Burial of Sir John Moore"—and a pretty crude parody it was, too.

Then I lampooned two prominent citizens outrageously—not because they had not done anything to deserve it, but merely because I thought it was my duty to make the paper lively.

Next I gently touched up the newest stranger—the lion of the day, the gorgeous journeyman tailor from Quincey. He was simpering coxcomb of the first water, and the "loudest" dressed man in the state. He was an inveterate woman-killer. Every week he wrote lushy "poetry" for the "Journal," about his newest conquest. His rhymes for my week were headed, "To Mary in H——l," meaning to Mary in Hannibal, of course. But while setting up the piece, I was suddenly riven from head to heel by what I re-

garded as a pefect thunderbolt of humor and I compressed it into a snappy foot-note at the bottom—thus: "We will let this thing pass, just this once; but wish Mr. J. Gordon Runnels to understand distinctly that we have a character to sustain, and from this time forth when he wants to commune with his friends in h—l, he must select some other medium than the columns of this journal!"

The paper came out, and I never knew any little thing attract so much attention as those playful trifles of mine.

For once the Hannibal Journal was in demand—a novelty it had not experienced before. The whole town was stirred. Higgins dropped in with a double-barrelled shot-gun early in the forenoon. When he found it was an infant (as he called me) that had done him the damage, he simply pulled my ears and went away; but he threw up his situation that night and left town for good. The tailor came with his goose and a pair of shears; but he despised me too, and departed for the south that night. The two lampooned citizens came with threats of libel, and went away incensed at my insignificance. The country editor pranced in with a warwhoop next day, suffering for blood to drink; but he ended by forgiving me cordially and inviting me down to the drug store to wash away all animosity in a friendly bumper of "Fahnestock's Vermifuge." It was his little joke. My uncle was very angry when he got back—unreasonably so, I thought, considering what an impetus I had given the paper, and considering also that gratitude for his preservation ought to have been uppermost in his mind, inasmuch as by his delay he had so wonderfully

escaped dissection, tomahawking, libel, and getting his head shot off. But he softened when he looked at the accounts and saw that I had actually booked the unparalleled number of thirty-three new subscribers, and had the vegetables to show for it, cordwood, cabbage, beans, and unsaleable turnips enough to run the family for two years!

MISCELLANEOUS SMILES.

"I don't know where that boy got his temper. He did not take it from me."

"No, no, my dear; I cannot see that you have lost any."

A lawyer, not over young and handsome, in examining a young lady in court, complimented her on her personal beauty.

"Were I not under oath to tell nothing but the truth," she replied, "I would return the compliment."

"Pray, Miss C——," said a gentleman one evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?"

"How stupid!" replied Miss C——. "Is it not natural and proper that a lady should like a good offer, sir?"

"Now then, Thomas, what are you burning from my writing table?" said an author to his servant.

"Only the paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.

ARTEMAS WARD.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS POPULAR LECTURE.

"I like art. I admire dramatic art, although I failed as an actor. It was in my schoolboy-days that I failed as an actor. The play was the "Ruins of Pompeii." I played the Ruins. It was not very sucessful performance; but it was better than the 'Burning Mountain.' He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius. The remembrance often makes me ask, 'Where are the boys o' my youth?' I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here, some in America, some are in jail. Hence arises a most touching question: 'Where are the girls of my youth?' Some are married; some would like to be. O my Maria! Alas! she married another; they frequently do. I hope she is happy; because I am. Some people are not happy: I have noticed that.

My orchestra is small; but I am sure it is very good, so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night and his washing.

"I like music I can't sing. As a singest, I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing: so are those who hear me: they are sadder even than I am. The other night, some silver-voiced young man came under my window, and sang, 'Come where my love lies dreaming.' I didn't go: I didn't think it would be correct."

Artemas said he had heard of persons being ruined by large fortunes. He thought, if ruin must befall

him, he should choose to have it come in this form. He even said plainly, "I want to be ruined by a large fortune."

Artemas said that Brigham Young was the most married man he ever saw in his life. "I saw," said he, "his mother-in-law, while I was there. I can't exactly tell how many there is of her; but there's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family, unless you are fond of excitement. Some of these Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night by invitation, in the Mormon village of Provost; but during the day, I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family. It was before I knew he was much married; and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success; but I didn't get any money.

"I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah. It was leap year when I was there; and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day; and taking their white, soft hands in mine,—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears. And I said, 'Why is thus? What is the reason of this thusness?' They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs o different size. They said, 'Doth not like us?' I said, I doth, I doth!' I also said, I hope your intentions are honorable; as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far way.' They then said, 'Wilt not marry us?' 'Oh, no! it cannot was.' Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. Then they cried 'O crul man! this is too much,—oh! too much!' I

told them it was on account of the muchness I declined.

"Mr. Heber C. Kimball is the first Vice-President of the Mormon Church; and would, consequently, succeed to the full presidency on Brigham Young's death. Brother Kimball is a gay and festive fellow of some seventy summers, or some-ers thereabout. He has one thouand head of cattle, and one hundred head of wives. He says they are awful eaters.

"Mr. Kimball had a son— lovely young man—who was married to ten interesing wives. But one day, while he was absent from home, they went out walking with a handsome young man; which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son which made him so jealous, that he shot himself with a horse-pistol. The doctor who attended him, a very scientific man, informed me that the bullet entered the inner paralelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membraneous hemorage in the outer cuticle of his boulicon thomaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

"The last picture I have to show you represents Mr. Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large, and the olive-branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more a father than any man I know. When at home, as you see him in the picture, he ought to be very happy, with sixty wives to minister to his comforts, and twice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah ! my friends, what is home without a family.

BURDETTE.

THE BRAKEMAN GOES TO CHURCH.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep and the tall thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around ths World," and wondering why Green's August Flower should be printed above the doors of a "Buddhist Temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. And what church did you attend.

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said "I don't like to run on those branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and $2 extra for a seat; fast time and stop at the big stations. Nice line, but two exhaustive for a brakeman. All train-men in uniform; conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train-boys allowed. Then

the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them to free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace car Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train-men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I didn't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman: "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through the mountain rather than go around it: spirit-level grade: passenger have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow: have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed: got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches: cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't hear of an accident on that road: its run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the FreeThinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman: "dirt road bed, and no ballest: no time card and no train dispatcher,

All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep, and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please, and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir; I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a Division Superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the General Superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a General Superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said, "nobody." I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch, Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no Superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to undersand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you are shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engineers carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows 100, and enough all

the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard!' you can hear him to the next station. Every train lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as he lifes, do the stations two or three days, and hop on the revival train that that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't any road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church, I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman; "an old road too; one of the very oldest in the country. Good road bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road too; Directors don't interfere with Division Superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independant, too. See, didn't one of the Division Superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line two or three years ago? But it is a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisey, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballest, single track all the way and not a side track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops

that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But is runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but paid my fare like a little man—25 cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers throwed in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! This train makes no stop between here and Indianapolis!"

A great many years ago, a good mother found her two little boys, her only children, quarreling, and said to them, "Boys, why can't you play together in peace? If you will observe this simple rule, you will get along without trouble: Lett each one take care of one."

"That is just what I wish to do," said Peter: "I wish to take care of John."

"Colonel Brown, I owe you a grudge: remember that. "I shall not be frightened then, for I never knew you to pay anything you owe."

JOSH BILLINGS.

HIS WISE AND HUMOROUS SAYINGS.

I hold that a man has just as mutch rite tew spel a word as it is pronounced as he has tew pronounce it the way it ain't spelt.

If you would make yourself agreeable wherever you go, listen tew the grievances of others, but never relate your own.

Giv me liberty, or giv me deth; but of the 2, I prefer the liberty.

"Early impreshuns are the most lasting;" but the fust kiss and the fust whippin' cum under this hed.

"Man was created a little lower than the angels;" and it is lucky for the said angels that he was.

"The luxury of grief:" this i take it, means tew hav youre old unkle die and leave yu nine thousand dollars, and yu cry.

I don't kare how mutch a man talks, if he only says it in a few words.

We are awl willing to pay more for being amused than instrukted.

It is a good plan tu kno menny people, but to let only a few kno yu.

Zeal is a good deal like lead; when it is biling hot, yu run it into any kind ov shape you want tew; but when it is cold, it is heavy as any thing i kno of. Zeal often makes a man more ridiklus than folly duz. In fakt, zeal and folly were twins; only zeal was born a

little fust: he couldn't wait, of course, till his time cum.

It is really worth more tew the world tew hav a good natured man born into it, and go into the good natured bissness, than hav a poeck born, and go into the poeckry bissness. Good natured men work up into fathers, husbands and brothers, fust rate, and without enny waste: they make good fellow citizens, and every body feels as if they had some stock in them: they are safe and as pleasant as root beer. The good natured man an't alwus a statesman, nor an't alwus the man for sekretary of the treasury; but to grease the griddle ov every day life, tew soften the furious, tew raise the despondent, and two indorse sixty day-paper, he weighs at least a tun. I had rather be a good natured man than to have a seat in the New York Legislature: there may not be as mutch money in it; but thare is twice the means of grace.

Men don't seem never tew get tired ov talking about themselfs; but i hav heard them when i thought they showed signs of weakness.

Buty is like a ranebow—full ov promis, but short lived.

I have got a fust-rate recollekshun, but a poor memory. I can recollekt distinctly ov losing a 10-Dollar-bill once, but can't remember whare, tew save mi life.

Thare iz only 3 things that belong to other folks that i envy; and them iz virtew, flesh, and understanding. I suppose it iz possibel for a man tew manufakter his own virtew, and to improve his stock of understanding; but he kant kover his long, lean body ov bones with a soft, pulpy cushion ov flesh that is fun to sit down on.

I kant tell what makes one man so phatt, and the next one so like an empty stocking, or a manikin in a narrow bolster; unless it is that phatt souls are like a mountain spring, fed from within, until they can't hold no more, and run over the brim to make others happy. Did you ever know a phatt man to commit suicide? i guess you never did: they luv gravy tew well for that.

When Shakspear wanted sum pizen, he sought out, you remember, a lean apothekary, who kept a grocery of beggarly boxes. Did you ever hear ov a phatt man being hung? I guess not. They sometimes destroy plum-puddin' and biled ox; but they never murder any thing that ain't good tew eat. I never knu but one phatt school master, and he wa'n't good for enny thing, only tew slide down hill with the boys. This satisfize me that phatt is only another name for virtew.

Man is the only thing createa with power tew laff birds and flowers can almost do it, and dogs would like tew. Laffing keeps oph sickness, and has conquered az menny diseases az ever pills hav, and at mutch less expense. It makes flesh, and keeps it in its place. . . . It is the light of life: without it we should be but animated ghosts. It challenges fear, hides sorrow, weakens despair, and carries half ov poverty's bundles. It costs nothing, comes at the call, and leaves a brite spot behind. . . . It is the fust and the last sunshine that visits the heart: it was the warm welkum of Eden's lovers; and was the only capital that sin left them tew begin bizziness with, outside the Garden of Paradise.

Neatness, in my opinyun, iz one of the virtews.

hev alwuz konsidered it twin sister to Chastity. But while I almost worship neatness in folks, i have seen them who did understand the bizziness so well az tew acktually make it fearful tew behold. I have seen neatness that wa'n't satisfied with bein' a common sized virtew, but had bekum an ungovernable pashun, enslaving its possessor, and making everyboddy uneasy who kum in kontackt with it. When a person finds it necessary to skour the nail heds in the cellar stairs every day, and skrub oph the ducks' feet in hot water, it iz then that neatness haz bekum the tyrant of its victum. . . . There is no person in the world who work so konstantly az the victims of extatic neatness: but they don't seem tew mutch, after all; for they don't get a thing fairly cleaned to their mind, before the other end ov it gets dirty, and they fall to scrubbin awl over agin. In my honest opinyun, whiskee iz seckund only to original sin: it iz the mill-stun hung upon the neck of poor human nature. . . . . But since whiskee haz got into this world, i don't think it kan be got out enny more than the small pox kan: but it kan be made komparitively harmless in the same way, and only in the same way; and that is by constant vaccinnation. I have finally kum tew the konclusion that lager beer iz not intoxikatin'. I have been told so by a German, who said he had drank it all night long to just try the experiment, and waz obliged tew go home entrely sober in the morning. I hav seen this same man drink sixteen glasses; and if he waz drunk he waz drunk in German, and no one could understand it.

It iz proper enuff to state, that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and could hev no object in stating what

was'n't strictly thus. I believed him tew the full extent ov mi ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager beer in mi life, and that made mi hed untwist as tho' it was hung on the end ov a string: but I was told that it was owing tew mi bile being out of place. And i guess it waz so; for i never biled over wuss than i did when i got home that nite.

Mi wife waz afrade i waz agoing to die; and i waz almoste afrade i shouldn't: for it did seem az if every thing i had ever eaten in my life waz coming tew the surface; and i do really believe, if mi wife hadn't pulled oph mi boots just as she did, they would have come up tew.

Oh, how sick i waz! It waz fourteen years ago, and i can taste it now. I never had so much experience in so short a time. If enny man should tell me that beer was not intoxikating, i should beleave him: but if he should tell me that i was'n't drunk that nite, but that my stummuk waz only out of order, i should ask him to state over in a few words just how a man felt and akted when he waz well set up. If i wa'n't drunk that nite, i had some ov the moste natural symptoms a man ever had, and kept sober. In the fust place, it waz about eighty rods from whare i drank the lager tew mi house: and i was over 2 hours on the road, and had a hole busted thru each one ov my pantaloon kneeze, and didn't hav enny hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull, and hikupped awfully, and saw every thing in the room trying tew get around of me. And in settin' down onto a chair, i didn't wait quite long enuff for for it tew get exactly under me, when it was going around; and i sett down a little tew soon, and missed the chair by about twelve inches, and couldn't

git up quick enuff tew take the next one when it kum. And that ain't awl: my wife sed i was drunk as a beast: and, az i said before, i began tew spit up things freely. If lager beer is not intoxicating, it used me awfully mean, that i kno, Still, i hardly think lager iz intoxikating; for i have been told so; and i am the only man living who ever drank enny when his bile wan't plumb. I don't want to say anything against a harmless temperance beverage, but, if i ever drink enny more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me, and mi mouth pried open.

A busy impertinent, entertaining Aristotle the philosopher one day with a tedious discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him.

"No, really," rcplied the philosopher: "you have not interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one word you have said.

Boswel, dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cook was more essential to the community than a good poet.

"I don't suppose," said the doctor, "that there's a dog in town but what thinks so."

An Athenian (as was customary with that people) had caused the following inscription to be placed over the door of his house:—

"Let nothing enter here but what is good."

Diogenes asked, "Then where will the master go in."

MRS. PARTINGTON.

HER QUEER AND INSTRUCTIVE SAYINGS.

It was with strong emotion of wonder that Mrs. Partington read in the papers that a new wing was to be added to the Cambridge Observatory. "What upon airth can that be for, I wonder? I dare say they are putting the new wing on to take more flights arter comics and such things; or to look at the new ring of the planet Satan,—another link added to his chain, perhaps; and, gracious knows, he seems to go father than ever he did before." She stopped to listen as the sounds of revelry and drunkeness arose upon the night air; and she glanced from her chamber, over the way, where a red illuminated lantern denoted "Clam Chowder." Why should she look there just at that moment of her allusion to Satan? What connection could there be, in her mind, between Satan and clam-chowder? Nobody was present but Ike, and Isaac slumbered.

Mrs. Partington was in the country one August; and for a whole month, not one drop of rain had fallen. One day she was slowly walking along the road, with her umbrella over her head, when an old man, who was mending up a little gap of wall, accosted her, at the same time depositing a large stone upon the top of the pile. Mrs. Partington, what do you think can help this 're drought?"

The old lady looked at him through her spectacles,

at the same time smelling a fern-leaf. "I think," said she in a tone of oracular wisdom,—"I think a little rain would help it as much as any thing." It was a great thought. The old gentleman took off his straw hat, and wiped his head with his cotton handkerchief, at the same time saying that he thought so too.

"Diseases is various," said Mrs. Partington as she returned from a street door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The doctor tells me that Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs. It is dreadful to think of, I declare! The disease is so various! One way, we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; and other way, of the brown creatures: here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and then about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, then of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the cacrofagus, then another kills himself by discovering the jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any disease now-a-days. New names and new nostrils take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away." Fifteen minutes afterwards, Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

"Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry, Mrs. Partington?" asked the schoolmaster's wife while conversing on the merits of the youthful Partington. The old lady was basting a chicken which her friends had sent her from the country. "Oh, yes!" said the old lady, smiling: "he is very partially fond of poultry, and it

always seems as if he can't get enough of it." The old spit turned by the fire place in response to her answer, while the basting was going on. "I mean," said the lady, "does he show any of the divine afflatus?" The old lady thought a moment. "As for the divine flatness, I don't know about it. He's had all the complaints of children, and when he was a baby, he fell, and broke the cartridge of his nose: but I hardly think he's had this that you speak of." The roasting chicken hisssed and sputtered, and Mrs. Partington basted it again.

"How these men talk about exercising their right of suffering!" said Mrs. Partington: "as if nobody in the world suffered but themselves! They don't know of our sufferings. We poor creturs must suffer and say nothing about it, and drink cheap tea, and be troubled with the children and the cows, and scrub our souls out: and we never say a thing about it. But a man comes on regularly once a year, like a Farmer's Almanac, and grumbles about his sufferings; and its only then jest to choose a governor, after all. These men are hard creturs to find out." This was intended as a lesson to Margaret, who was working Charlotte and Werter, on a blue ground, at her side; but Margaret had her own idea of the matter and remained silent.

"I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year,
With your stomach full of money
And your pocket full of beer,"

yelled Ike as he skipped into Mrs. Partington's kitchen, where the old dame was busily engaged in cooking breakfast on Christmast morning. "Don't make such

a noise, dear," said the kind old lady, holding up her hand: "You give me a scrutinizing pain in my head, and your young voice goes through my brain like a scalpel-knife. But what did the good Santa Cruz put into your stocking, Isaac?" And she looked at him with such an arch and pleased expression as he took out of his pocket a jack-knife, and a hum-top painted with gaudy colors. Ike held them up joyously; and it was a sight to see the two standing there—she smiling serenely upon the boy's happiness, and he grateful in the possession of his treasures. "Ah!" said she with a sigh, "there's many a house to-day, Isaac that Santa Cruz won't visit; and many a poor child will find nothing in his stocking but his own little foot!" It might have been a grain of the snuff she took, it might have been a fleeting mote of the atmosphere; Mrs. Partington's eyes looked humid, though she smiled upon the boy before her, who stood trying to pull the cord out of her reticule to spin his new top with.

"People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs. Partington, "and how they fat upon it: for my part, I shall always think it is owing to the vittles. Air may do for cammamiler and other reptiles that live on it: but I know that men must have something substantialer." The old lady was resolute in this opinion, conflict as it might with general notions. She is set in her opinions, very: and, in their expression, nowise backward. "It may be as Solomon says," said she, "but I have lived at the pasturage in a country town all one summer, and I never heard a turtle singing in the branches. I say I never heerd it: but may be so too; for I have seen *'em in brooks* under the tree, where they, perhaps,

dropped off. I wish some of our great naturalists would look into it." With this wish for light, the old lady lighted her candle, and went to bed.

"I can't believe in spiritous knockings," said Mrs. Partington solemnly, as a friend related something he had seen which appeared very mysterious. "I can't believe about it; for I know, if Paul could come back he would envelop himself to me here, and wouldn't make me run a mile only to get a few dry knocks. Strange that the world should be so superstitious as to believe sich a rapsody, or think a sperrit can go knocking about like a boy in vacation! I don't believe it; and I don't know's I could if that teapot there should jump off the table right afore my eyes." She paused; and, through the gloom of approaching darkness, the determined expression of her countenance was apparent. A slight movement was heard upon the table; and the little black teapot moved from its position, crawled slowly up the wall, and then hung passively by the side of the profile of the ancient corporal. The old lady could not speak, but held up her hands in wild amazement; while her snuff-box fell from her nervless grasp, and rolled along on the sanded floor. She left she room to procure a light; and, as soon as she had gone, the teapot was lowered by the invissible hand to its original station; and Ike stepped out from beneath the table, stowing a large string away in his pocket, and grinning prodigiously.

"What a label it is upon the character of Boston!" said Mrs. Partington, as she read a speech on the liquor bill that reflected on Boston. "There is no place where benevolenee is so aperient as here. For my part, I don't know where so much is done for the suf-

fering ; and anybody can see it that can read : for how often we see 'Free Lunch' in the windows of our humane institutions ! You never see such things in the country, as much better as they think themselves.

"I think," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast table, "I will take a tower, or go upon a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that a party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake of cold collection. I hope it won't be so cold as ours was for the poor last Sunday : why, there wasn't efficient to buy a feet of wood for a restitute widder." And the old lady put on her calash.

A painter, having turned physician, was asked the reason. "Because," replied he, "my former business exhibited my mistakes in too glaring a manner ; therefore I have now chosen one in which they will be buried.

A jury of twelve "wise men" returned a verdict of not guilty in a case respecting a female prisoner, but accompanied it with the hope that she would never be guilty of like offence again.

An attorney, about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client a baker, to "make it as light as possible."

"Ah !" replied the attorney, "that's what you may say to your foreman, but it is not the way I make my bread.

A fellow with a scolding wife, hearing that the dumb ague prevailed in a certain region, proposed making his home there.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

THE EFFECT OF THE PROCLAMATION OF SECRETARY SEWARD IN KENTUCKY.

Confedrit =||= Roads, in the Stait of Kentucky,
December 20, 1865.

At least the deed is dun! The tiranikle government which hez her sway at Washington hez finelly extinguished the last glimerin' flicker uv liberty! byt abolishin' slavery! The sun didn't go down in gloom that nite; the stars didn't fade in sickly yeller: a wich obtinacy uv Nachur I wuz considerably astonished.

I got the news at the post-offis (near to wich I am at present stayin', at the house of a venerable old planter, who accepts my improvin' conversation and a occasional promise, wich is cheap, ez equivilent for board.) Sadly I wendid my way to his peaceful home, dreadin' to fling over that house the pall uv despair. After supper, I broke to em ez gently ez I cood the intelligence that three-fourths uv the States had ratified the constooshnel amendment, that Seward had ishood his proclamation, and that all the niggers wuz free.

Never did I see such sorror depicted on human countenance; never was there despair of such depth. All nite long, the bereaved inmates uv that wunst

happy but now distracted home wept and waled in agony which wuz perfectly heart rendin'.

"Wo is me!" sobbed the old man, wringin' his hands. "John Brown's karkis hangs a-danglin' in the air; but his soul is marchin' on. It took posseshun of Seward; and thro' his ugly mouth it spoke the words 'The nigger is free!' and there is no more slaves in the land.

"Wunst I had a hundred niggers; and the men were fat and healthy, and the wenches wuz strong, and some ov them wuz fair to look upon. They worked in my house and my fields from the rising of the sun to the goin'-down uv the same.

"Was they lazy? I catted them till they was cured thereof; for, lo! they wuz ez a child under my care."

"Did they run away? From Kentucky they run North; and, lo! the Locofoco marshals caught them for me, and brought them back, and delivered them into my hand, without cost, sayin', 'Lo! here is thy nigger; do with him as thou wilt' (which I always did); wich is cheaper than keepin' dogs, and jest as good.

"Solomon wuz wise; for he hed uv konkebines a suffishensy: but we wuz wiser in our day than him, for he had to feed his children, and it kost him shekels uv gold and silver, and much corn and oil.

"We had our konkebines with as great a muchness as Solomon; but we sold their children fur silver and gold and red-dog paper."

And all night long the bereaved old patriarch, who hed alluz bin a father to his servants (and a grandfather to menny ov 'em), poured out his lamentations. In the mornin', the niggers was called up; and as they

all hed their koats on, and hed bundles, I 'spect they must nev heard the news. The old gentleman explained the situation to 'em.

"Yoo will," sed he, "stay in your happy homes: you will always contiue to live here, as yu hev allus dun."

The niggers all in korious, with a remarable unanimity, remarkt, that, ef they hed ever bin introdoost to theirselves, they thought they wooden't. In fact, they hed congregated at that time for the purpose uv starting in life on their own hook. A paroxysm uv pain and anguish shot over the old man's face. Nearest stood a octoroon, who, hed she not ben tainted with the accurst blood uv Ham, would have bin considered beautiful. Fallin' on her neck, the old patriarch, with teers a-streamin down his furrowed cheeks, ejaculated, "Farewell, Looizer, my daughter! farewell! I loved your mother as never man loved nigger. She wuz the solace uv my leisure hours, the companion uv my yooth. She I sold to pay orf a mortgage on the place —she and your older sisters. Farewell! I hed hoped to hev sold yoo this winter (for wou are still young), and bought out Jenkins; but wo is me! Curses on the tirent who thus severs all the tender ties uv nachur! Oh! it is hard for fathur to part with child, even when the market's high; but, O God! to part thus!" And the old gentleman, in excess of greef, swooned away genteelly. His son Tom had ben caressin' her two little children, who war half whiter than she was. Unable to restrain hisself, he fell on her neek, and bemoaned his fate with tetchin pathos.

"Farewell! farewell, mother of my children! Farewell faro and horses and champane!—a long farewell!

Your increase wuz my perquisites; and I sold 'em to supply my needs. Had you died, I cood hev bin resigned: for, when dead you aint worth a copper: but to see you torn away livin', & worth $2,000 in enny market, it's too much, it's too much!" And he fainted, fallin' across the old man.

"Who'll do the work about the house?" shreekt the old lady faintin', and fallin' across Tom.

"Who'll dress us, and wash us, and wait on us?" shreekt the three daughters, swoonding away, and fallin' across the old woman. My first impulse was to faint away myself, and fall across the three darghters; but I restrained myself, and was contented with striking an attitood, and organizin' a tablo. Hustlin' the niggers away with a burnin' cuss for their ingratitood, I spent the balance uv the forenoon in bringin' on 'em too. Wun by wun, they became conshus; but they wuz not theirselves. Their minds wuz evidently shattered; they were carrying a heavy heart in their bosoms.

Wood, oh! wood that Seward could have seen that groop! Sich misery does Ablishinism bring in its trane; sich horrers follers a departure from Dimicratic teachin's. When will reason return to the people? Echo answers, when!

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Lait Paster uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensation.

A preacher who advised a drowsey hearer to take a pinch of snuff occasionally at service to keep him awake, was advised in his turn to put snuff in his sermon.

JAMES M. BAILEY.

"THE DANBURY NEWS MAN."

A Danbury man named Reubens, recently saw a statement that counting one hundred when tempted to speak an angry word would save a man a great deal of trouble. This statement sounded a little singular at first, but the more he read it over the more favorably he became impressed with it, and full" concluded to adopt it.

Next door to Reubens lives a man who has made five distinct attempts in the past fortnight to secure a dinner of green peas, by the first of July, and every time has been retarded by Reuben's hens. The next morning after Reuben made his resolution, this man found his fifth attempt to have miscarried. Then he called on Reubens. He said,—

" What in thunder do you mean by letting your hens tear up my garden."

Reubens was prompted to call him a mud-snoot, a new name just coming into general use, but he remembered his resolution, put down his rage, and meekly observed,—

" One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—"

Then the mad neighbor who had been eyeing this answer with a great deal of suspicion, broke in again,—

" Why don't you answer my question, you rascal?"

But still Reubens maintained his equanimity, and went on with the test.

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—"

The mad neighbor stared harder than ever.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one—"

"You're a mean skunk," said the mad neighbor, backing towards the fence.

Reubens's face flushed at this charge, but he only said,

"Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—"

At this figure the neighbor got up on the fence in some haste, but suddenly thinking of his peas, he opened his mouth,-

"You mean, low-lived rascal, for two cents I could knock your cracked head over a barn, and I would—"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight," interrupted Reubens "twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three —"

Here the neighbor broke for the house, and entering it, violenty slammed the door behind him : but Reubens did not dare let up on the enumeration, and so he stood out there alone in his own yard, and kept on counting, while his burning cheeks and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed his judgment. When he got up in the eighties his wife came to the door in some alarm.

"Why, Reubens, man, what is the matter with you?" she said, "Do come into the house."

But he didn't let up. She came out to him, and clung tremblingly to him, but he only looked into her eyes, and said—

"Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred—go into the house old woman, or I'll bust ye."

And she went.

HOW MR. COVILLE COUNTED THE SHINGLES ON HIS HOUSE.

There are men who dispute what they do not understand. Mr. Coville is such a man. When he heard a carpenter say that there were so many shingles on the roof of his house, because the roof contained so many square feet, Coville doubted the figures, and, when the carpenter went away, he determined to test the matter by going up on the roof and counting them. He squeezed through the scuttle—Coville weighed 230—and then sat down on the roof, and worked his way carefully and deliberately towards the gutter. When he got part way down, he heard a sound between him and the shingles, and became aware that there was an inteference, some way, in further locomotion. He to turn over and crawl back, but the obstruction held him. Then he tried to move a little, in hopes the trouble would prove but temporary, but an increased sound convinced him that either a nail or a sliver had hold of his cloth, and that if he would save any of it, he must use caution. His folks were in the house, but he did not make them hear, and besides he didn't want to attract the attention of the neighbors. So he sat there until after dark. and thought. It would have been an excellent opportunity so have counted the shingles, but he neglected to use it. His mind appear-

ed to run in other channels. He sat there an hour after dark, seeing no one he could notify of his condition. Then he saw two boys approaching the gate from the house, and reaching there, stop. It was light enough for him to see that one of the two was his son, and although he objected to having the other boy know of his misfortune, yet he had grown tired of holding on to the roof, and concluded he could bribe the the strange boy into silence. With this arrangement mapped out, he took his knife and threw it so that it would strike near to the boys and attract attention. It struck nearer than he anticipated. In fact, it struck so close as to hit the strange boy on the head, and nearly brained him. As soon as he recovered his equilibrium, he turned on Coville's boy, who, he was confident had attempted to kill him, and introduced some astonishment and bruises in his face. Then he threw him down, and kicked him in the side, and banged him on the head, and drew him over into the gutter, and pounded his legs, and then hauled him back again, and knocked his head against the gate. And all the while the elder Coville sat on the roof, and screamed for the police, but couldn't get away. And then Mrs. Coville dashed out with a broom, and contributed a few novel features to the affair at the gate, and one of the boarders dashed out with a double-barreled gun, and hearing the cries from the roof, looked up there, and espying a figure which was undoubtedly a burglar, drove a handful of shot in his legs. With a howl of agony, Coville made a plunge to dodge the missiles, freed himself from the nail, lost his hold to the roof, and went sailing down the shingles with awful velocity both legs spread out, his hair on end, and his hands

making desperate and fruitless efforts to save himself. He was so frightened that he lost his power of speech, and when he passed over the edge of the roof, with twenty feet of tin gutter hitched to him, the boarder gave him the contents of the other barrel, and then drove into the house to load up again. The unfortunate Coville struck into a cherry tree, and thence bounded to the ground, where he was recognized, picked up by the assembled neighbors, and carried into the house. A new doctor is making a good day's wages picking the shot out of his legs. The boarder has gone into the country to spend the summer, and the junior Coville, having sequestered a piece of brick in his handkerchief, is laying low for that other boy. He says, before the calm of another Sabbeth rests on New England, there will be another boy in Danbury who can't wear a cap.

MR. COVILLE'S EASY CHAIR.

Since the unfortunate accident to Mr. Colville while on the roof counting shingles, he has been obliged to keep pretty close to the house. Last Wednesday he went out into the yard for the first time: and on Friday Mrs. Coville got him an easy chair, which proved a great comfort to him. It is one of those chairs that can be moved by the occupant to form almost any position by means of ratchets. Mr. Coville was very much pleased with his new contrivance, and the first forenoon did nothing but sit in and work it in all ways. He said that such a chair as that did more good in this world than a hundred sermons. He had it in his room, the front bed room up stairs, and there he would

sit and look out of the window, and enjoy himself as much as a man can, whose legs have been ventilated by shot. Monday afternoon he got in the chair as usual. Mr. Coville was out in the back yard hanging up clothes, and the son was across the street drawing a lath across a picket fence. Sitting down, he grasped the sides of the chair with both hands to settle it back, when the whole thing gave way, and Mr. Coville came violently to the floor.

For an instant the unfortunate gentleman was benumed by the suddenness of the shock, next he was aroused by acute pain in each arm, and the great drops of sweat oozed from his forhead when he found that the little finger of each hand had caught in the little ratchets and was as firmly held as in a vice. There he lay on his back with the end of a round sticking in his side, and both hands perfectly powerless. The least move of his body aggravated the pain which was chasing up his arms. He screamed for help, but Mrs. Coville was in the back yard telling Mrs. Coney, next door, that she didn't know what Coville would do without that chair, and so she didn't hear him. He pounded the floor with his stockened feet, but the younger Coville was still drawing emotion from the fence across the way, and all other sounds were rapidly sinking into insignificance. Besides, Mr. Coville's legs were not sufficiently recovered from the late accident to permit their being profitably used as mallets.

How he did despise that offspring, and how fervently he did wish the owner of that fence would light on that boy and reduce him to powder! Then he screamed again and howled and shouted "Maria!" But there was no response. What if he should die

all alone there in that awful shape! The perspiration started afresh, and the pain in the arms assumed an awful magnitude. Again he shrieked "Maria!" but the matinee across the way only grew in volume, and the unconscious wife had gone into Mrs. Coney's and was trying on that lady's redingote. Then he prayed and howled, and coughed, and swore, aud then apologized for it, and prayed and howled again, and screamed at the top of his voice the awfullest things he would do to that boy if heaven would only spare him and show him an axe.

Then he opened his mouth for one final shriek,when the door opened and Mrs. Coville appeared with a smile on her face, and Mrs. Coney's redingote on her back. In one glance she saw that something awful had happened to Joseph, and with wonderful presence of mind the screamed for help, and then fainted away, and plowed headlong into his stomach. Fortunately the blow deprived him of speech, else he might have said something that he would have regretted, and before he could regain his senses Mrs. Coney dashed in and removed the grief stricken wife. But it required a blacksmith to cut Coville loose. He is again back in bed, with his mutilated fingers resting on pillows, and there he lies all day concocting new forms of death for the inventor of that chair, and hoping nothing will happed to his son until he can get well enough to administer it himself.—[Danbury News.

Horne Tooke being asked by George III. whether he played at cards, replied, "I cannot, your Majesty, tell a king from a knave.

MAX ADELER.

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP—MR. BUTTERWICK'S EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Butterwiek, of Roxborough, had a fit of sleeplessness one night lately, and after vainly trying to loose himself in slumber, he happened to rember that he once read in an almanac that a man could put himself to sleep by imagining that he saw a flock of sheep jumping over a fence, and by counting them as they jumped.

He determined to try the experiment, and closing his eyes, he fancied the sheep jumping, and began to count. He had reached his hundred and fortieth sheep, and was beginning to doze off, when Mrs. Butterwick suddenly said :

"Joseph !"

"Oh, what?"

"I believe that yellow hen wants to set."

"Oh, don't bother me with such nonsence as that now. Do keep quiet and go to sleep."

Then Butterwick started his shee again, and commenced to count again. He got up to one hundred and twenty, and was feeling as if he wou'd drop off at at any moment, and just as his hundred and twenty-first sheep was about to take that fence, one of the twins began to cry.

"Hang that child !" he shouted at Mrs. Butterwick. "Why can't you tend to it and put it to sleep? Hush up you little imp, or I'll spank you!"

When Mrs. Butterwick had quieted it, Butterwick, although a little nervous and excited, concluded to try it again. Turning on the imaginary mutton, he began.

Only sixty four sheep had slid over the fence when Butterwick's mother-in-law knocked at the door and asked if he was awake. When she learned that he was she said she believed he had forgotten to close the back shutters, and she though she heard burglars in the yard.

Then Butterwick arose in wrath and went down to see about it. He ascertained that the shutters were closed as usual, and as he returned to bed he resolved that Mrs. Butterwick's mother would leave the house for good in the morning, or he would.

However, he thought he might as well give the almanac plan another trial, and setting the sheep in motion he began to count. This time he reached two hundred and forty, and would probably have got to sleep before the three hundredth sheep jumped, had not Mix's new dog in the next yard become suddenly homesick, and began to express his feelings in a series of prolonged and exasperating howls.

Butterwick was indignant. Neglecting the sheep, he leaped from the bed, and began to bombard Mix's new dog with boots, soap-cups, and every loose object he could lay his hands on. He hit the animal at last with a plaster bust of Daniel Webster, and induced the dog to retreat to the stable and think all about home in silence.

It seemed almost ridiculous, to resume those sheep again, but he determined to give the almanac man one more chance, and so as they began to jump the fence

he began to count, and after seeing the eighty-second safely over, he was gliding gently into the land of dreams, when Mrs. Butterwick rolled out of bea and fell on the floor with such violence that she waked the twins and started them crying, while Butterwick's mother-in-law came down stairs, four steps at a time, to ask if they fell that earthquake.

The situation was too awful for words. Butterwick regarded it for a minute with speechless indignation, and then seizing a pillow he went over to the sofa in in the back sitting-room and lay down on the lounge.

He fell asleep in ten minutes without the assistance of the almanac, but he dreamed all night that he was being butted around the equator by a Cotswold ram, and he awoke in the morning with a terrible headache and a conviction that sheep are good enough for wool and chops, but not worth a cent as a narcotic.

A person once hearing a lady sing who had a diagreeable breath, was asked how he liked it. "The voice is good," said he, "but the air is intolerable."

At one of the German battles, a regiment had orders not to grant quarter: and an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers. Touched with his situation, tbe other replied "I pity your misfortune; and ask any thing else but that, and, upon my honor, I will grant your request.

Virtue needs no outward pomp; her very countenance is so full of majesty, that the proudest pay her respect, and the profanest are awed by her presenc.

DOUGLAS JERROLD,

CAUDLE'S WEDDING DAY.

Caudle, love, do you know what next Sunday is? No? You don't! Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. What! and you dont know now? Ha! If I hadn't a better memory than you I don't know how we should ever get on. Well then, pet—shall I tell you, dear, what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No; I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say?—And I was a very different woman? Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about the pillow in that way: I say just the same. Well, then if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I could not talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you have made me talk. What do you say? You're very sorry for it? Caudle you do nothing but insult me.

Ha! You were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done any thing for

me. Yes, yes, if a woman would always be cared for she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody talks nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of— What do you say? You'll get up? No, you won't Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again, for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you in the day time—but here, you can't leave me. You needn't groan Mr. Caudle.

Now Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half as well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps, but you are aggravating, you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? They'd think it hypocrisy? No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable: and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it? I'm sure it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkle's—don't they give a dinner every year? Well I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep

their wedding-day, and their aquaintances have nothing to do with anything else.

As I say Caudle, it's only a proper compliment a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It is much as to say to the whole world, "There, if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!" Well, I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle—nor to sigh at either: but I know what you mean; I'm sure, what would have become of you if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle, and—I don't like to say it—but you'd been little better than a ragmuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into, I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day? What? If I'll let you go to sleep? Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say, "Yes," There bless you! I knew you would.

And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? What do I wan't, Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. Have what I like? No, as it is your fancy to keep

the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? Mutton will do? Ha, that shows what you think of your wife: I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot house companions—you'd have no objections to vension! I say if—Why do you mutter? Let it be venison? Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, brill won't do—it shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh! what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? It shall! And now about—the soup—now Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner: you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. No you won't; you'll have nothing but mock? Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult! What do you say? Let it be real then, for once! Ha! Caudle, as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

And Caudle, you look after the venison. There's a place I know, somewhere in the city, where you'll get get it beautiful. You'll look at it! You will. Very well.

And now who shall we invite? Who I like! Now you know Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come. But understand, Caudle, I don't have Miss Prettyman! I am not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof: if she comes, I don't

DOT'S ME.

A countryman had sold a butcher some hogs, and was to deliver them in the afternoon at the residence of the purchaser, but did not know where the said residence was. The butcher then gave him the following directions:

"You shoost goes pehind de Menger und turns to de right till you comes to a fence mit a hole in it, den you turns up to de right for a while till you sees a house and a big hog in de yard Dot's me."

Two Germans met in San Francisco. After affectionate greeting, the following dialogue ensued:

"Fen you said you hev arrived?"

"Yesterday."

"You came dot Horn around?"

"No."

"Oh! I see; you came dot isthmus across?"

"No."

"Oh! den you come dot land over?"

"No."

"Den you hef not arrived."

"Oh, yes, I hef arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

"How far is it to Cub Creek?" asked a traveler of a Dutch woman.

"Only shoost a little vays."

"Is it four, six, eight, or ten miles?" inquired the stranger.

"Yas, I dinks it is," serenely replied the unmoved gatekeeper.

VERY GOOD CIDER.

An eccentric German was noted for making and keeping good cider, and for his extreme stinginess in dispensing it to his neighbors when they called to see him. A Yankee, who had heard of this, resolved to try his hand on the old fellow, and coax a pitcher of cider out of him. He made him a call, and praised up his farm and cattle, and, speaking of his fine orchard, casually remarked:

"I hear, Mr. Von Sam, that you make excellent cider."

"Yash, yash, I does. Hans, bring some cider in the shug."

The Yankee was delighted at his success, and already smacked his lips in anticipation of the good things to come. Hans brought up a quart jug of cider, and placed it on the table before his father. The old farmer raised it with both hands, and placing his lips to the mouth, he drained it to the bottom; then, handing the empty jug to the dry and thirsty Yankee, quietly observed:

Dare! if you don't believe dat ish goot cider, shust you shmell de shug"

An old Dutchman froze his nose. While thawing the frost out, he said: "I haf carry dot nose fordy year, unt he nefer freeze hisself before. I no understand dis ting."

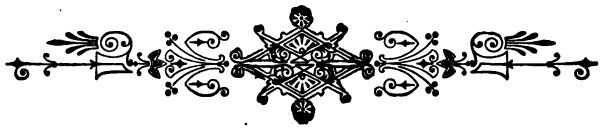
A Dutchman was about to make a journey to his fatherland, and wishing to say "good-bye" to a friend, extended his hand and said: "Vell, off I don't coom back, hullo."

"SOCKERY" SETTING A HEN.

MEESTER VERRIS: I see dot mosd efferpoty wrides something for de shicken bapers nowtays, and I tought praps meppe I can do dot, too, so I wride all apout vot dook blace mit me lasht summer; you know —oder uf you dond know, den I tells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, and von tay she sait to me, "Sockery" (dot is mein name), "vy dond you put some uf de aigs under dot olt plue hen shickens. I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell, I sait, meppe I guess I vill," so I bicked oud some uf de best aigs, und dook um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side of de haymow, poud fife six veet up; now you see I nefer was ferry big up and down, but I vos booty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up till I vent and got a parrel do stant on; vell, I klimet me on de parrel, und ven my head rise up py de nesht, de olt hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel het preak, und I vent down kershlam, by cholly, I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel pefore, but dere I vas, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't git me oud efferway, my fest (vest) vas bushed vay up unter my arm-holes ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom and see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood and aigs, by colly, she chust lait down on de hay und laft, und laft till I got so mat I sait, "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? vy dond you koom bull me oud?" und she set up and sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin, and bull

your fest town;" den she lait back und laft like she vood shplit herself more as ever. Mat as I vas, I tought to myself, Katrina, she sbeak English pooty good, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" und she see dot I look booty red, so she sait, "Of course I vill, Sockery," den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I took holt de door sil, und Katrina she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet, "Donner und blitzen, shtop dat, by golly; dere is nails in de parrel!" you see de nails bent down ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey shticks in me all de vay rount; vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naypor Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koom und he like to shplit himself mit laf, too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, unt I git up mit half a parrel around my vaist, den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vait a leetle till I get a battern of dot new oferskirt you haf on," but I did'nt sait a vort, I shust got a nife oud und vittle hoops off, und shling dot confountet olt parrel in de voot pile.

Pimeby ven I koom in de house, Katrina she said, "Sockery, dond you go in to but some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" den I sait, in my deepest voice, "Katrina, uff yon effer say dot to me again, I'll git a pill from you, help me chiminy cracious," und I dell you she didn't say dot any more. Vell, Mr. Verris, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it, I get a pox. Wery drooly yours.



Miscellaneous Smiles.

A country chap told the hotel waiter, who handed him the bill of fare, that he would defer reading till after dinner.

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of miseries has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full."

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music-teacher," etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music-teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

A Towanda (Penn.) sign reads thus:

"John Smith—!eacher of cowtilions and other dances—gramer taut in the neetest manner—fresh salt herrin on draft—likewise Godfreys cordial—rutes, sassage and other garden truck.—N. B. A bawl on frida nite—prayer-meetin chuesday, also salme singin by the quire."

"Sammy, run to the store and get some sugar."

"Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning; send father, and tell him to get me some tobacco."

—

Biddy was bad with the colic. She was sure she was going to die, and that she was. Various remedies were suggested to her. "Indade," said she, "I would take anything to make me well, if I knew it would kill me."

—

A Yankee, with his wife and horse, was making a brother a long visit, late one winter, when hay was high and scarce. His brother came into the house, one day, crying; and, in reply to his question respecting the cause of his grief, said—

"I'm afraid you will never come to see me again."

"Why, brother," said the Yankee. "What makes you have this fear? I am certainly making you a very generous visit."

"I fear," said the other, "you will never come to see me again, because you will never go away."

—

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of the sidewalks.

"Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain: "with a little assistance from your father."

There was some confusion, and profound silence.

Laws, like sausages, cease to inspire respect in proportion as we know how they are made.

An Irish doctor lately sent in his bill to a lady as follows; "To curing your husband till he died."

At a crowded concert the other evening, a young lady, standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

It was a good play upon words by which a lazy, unpunctual man was greeted on his happening to be early at an appointed meeting one day. "Why, you are first at last; you have always been behind before."

And a little gentleman very truthfully said, he never lay long in bed, nor ever wore a great coat.

A man with eleven daughters was complaining that he found it difficult to live.

"You must husband your time," said another, and then you will do well enough."

"I could do much better," was the reply, "if I could husband my daughters."

An Irishman got ont of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

Though there were not enough righteous people in Sodom, there was nevertheless a pretty good Lot.

An ancient maiden, complaining that she was near thirty, was told by an acquaintance that every day removed her farther from her complaint.

Josh Billings says, "It iz highly important, that, when a man makes up his mind to bekum a raskel, he should examine hizself clusly, and see if he ain't better konstructed for a phool."

A finished coquette, at a ball, asked a gentleman near her whether he could *flirt a fan* which she held in her hand. "No, madam," answered he, proceeding to use it; "but I can *fan a flirt*."

"I rise, sir, for information," said a very grave member of a legislature.

"I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man is in greater need of it."

Stephen Girard's will prohibited clergymen from ever entering the doors of Girard College. At a recent visit of the Knights Templar of Boston to the institution, one of the knights, a well-known physician, who wears a white neck-tie, was passing in. The janitor accosted him, saying, "You can't pass in here, sir; the rule forbids it." "The h—l I can't," replied the physician. "All right, sir," rejoined the janitor; "pass right in."

"You have traveled a great deal, have you not?" inquired a young man of a New Orleans girl who had just returned from a tour in Europe, and who was a graduate of Vassar College. "Oh, yes," she replied, "I've traveled on every railroad in this country and Europe, but do you know I've heard so much about the equatorial line that I'll never be able to realize that I have been anywhere until I have traveled from one end to the other of that railroad."

He stood twirling his hat in his hand in the hallway. It was about time for the morning stars to begin their song together. "Well," and he moved one step nearer the door. "Well," she replied, as she stepped to the door, also. "Well, I—I must be going. If—" "That's right. John, if," and she leaned her head on his shoulder. "If—if—you—have—any—conundrums—to—ask—ask—them—now." He was measured for a hat and a pair of kid gloves on the same day.

Mrs. Spangles breathlessly said: "Dear, I will tell you an awful, awful thing. Do you know that Mr. Slowbox cannot take his breakfast until he has had a cocktail? Now, my Mr. Spangles never does such a thing as that. He would not think of a cocktail. He simply rolls in bed, looks around the room for his clothes, and says, 'Mary, for the love of the great stars above us, I feel as if I had a cinder in my mouth! Give me a pitcher of water—none of your coufounded little goblets, but a bucketful. Hurry!" But you never hear him ask for a cocktail. He hastens down to the store without his breakfast."

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife: "a sect of woman philosophers has sprung up."

"Indeed," said Jane; "and what do they hold?"

"The strongest thing in the world," said he: "their tongues."

A gentleman crossing the water lately below Lime House, where laborers were at work in a tier of colliers, and wanting to learn the price of coals in the Pool, hailed one of the men with, "Well, Paddy, how are coals?"

"Black as ever, your Honor," replied the Irishman with a hearty laugh.

Scene on the ice at Bradford, Pa.: "Darling Celestie, shall we always glide together through life as smoothly as we do now?" "Oh, George, dear, I hope so!" smilingly. "And shall we ever be to each other as dear as we are now?" "Oh, George, always!" "And, Celestie, shall our clasp of the hand be as warm in the future as it is now?" "Oh, George, it will!" lovingly. "Dear Celestie, you are so kind to keep me first in your affec—" "Oh, George!" There was a crash before that last exclamation. George was skating backward, and they were looking in each other's eyes. His skate caught in a crack in the ice, Celestie on top. A series of mild shrieks, a vision of dimity, and then two skaters left the ice. George has a lump on the back of his head as big as the prize pumpkin, and Celestie's nose looks like a ripe fig, and all skewed around like a mule's jaw. Oh, George!

"Mike! Mike! stop scratchin' yer head, bye."
"I won't, marm; they began on me first."

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer.
"And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.
"To put your clothes in," was the reply.
"And go naked?" exclaimed Pat; "not a bit iv it!"

A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied that she was bound to him by several cords of wood which he had sent to her during a hard winter.

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate or wait for somethin' turn up. You might jest as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder with a pail 'twixt your legs and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A Yankee, walking in one of the streets of Boston with an Englishman who had recently come to this country, asked him if he coule read the sign over the door of a saloon. He replied in the affirmative, and proceeded to spell the word, thus: "Hes and Ha and Hell and two Hoes and a Hen."

A preacher in one of the fashionable London chruches is reported to have said, "St. Paul remarks, and I *partially* agree with him." This reminds us of the judge who, in sentencing a prisoner to death, observed, "Prisoner at the bar, you will soon have to appear before another and *perhaps* a better Judge."

"That's a fur-gone conclusion," as the fox said when he lost his tail in a trap.

The old lady kept a private bottle, from which she refreshed herself from time to time, as she felt the need, though none of the family knew it. One evening her daughter, in rummaging through the pantry for doughnuts for her beau, spied the bottle and had the curiosity to draw the cork and apply her nose to the aperture, at which moment the old lady hove in sight, and angrily demanded: "Well, are you any wiser than you were? What do you suppose it is?" "I don't know what it is, mamma," answered the shrinking maiden, "but it smells just like Charley's mustache."

Pacific Coast—"Bong-tong audience," said Mr. Mackay to Col. Hungerford. "Wee" replied the colonel to our John. "Eleet—cram de la cram—hote tong, eh?" quoth John, as his shirt bosom swelled with conscious pride. "Wee," said the colonel. The colonel then shook hands with the Comstock millionaire, and congratulated him on his flow of French. The curtain went up and one of the stars flashed like a meteor before the spectators. "Magnifeek!" cried the colonel. "Tray bean!" shouted Mr. M. "Onkoree!" shrieked the colonel. "Toot sweet!" yelled John. After the play, Mackay drew the colonel to one side, and whispered in his ear: "I don't mind tellin' ye I spake Italian as well as I do French—do you?" "Yes," replied the colonel. "I guess we've both been cultured in the same hot-house."

What it has come to—Mrs. Muggles: "Well, doctor, I don't know as what's the matter with Marier since she came from her last sitterwation in Lunnon. There she sits all day a-staring at an old chiney dish, which she calls a-going in for asthletix!"

The decorative art mania—Miss Nonaufait: "What a charming love of a cup, marked 'Tom and Jerry!'" Gentlemanly vender of majolica: "Yes, we sell a large number of them." Miss N.: "But have you some marked Clifford and Alvord, or Bertie and Georgie?"

"You must admit, Jim Webster, that you stole those pullets," said the Galveston judge to the culprit. "Jedge," responded Jim, "I don't really believe I stole dem chickens. In de fust place, jedge, nobody saw me take 'em. In de next place dey could not be found on my premises, because I had done hid dem chickens under de floor. I can't help believin', jedge, that I is innocent as a lamb."

Bub's composition on the rhinoceros: The rinozerus lives in Azhar, and you kant stick a pin in 'im cause hiz weskit is bilt ov ole stoves. When a rinozerus is gonter be kild yu mus alwaze go up to him from before so az he'll kno something of it an' try to make a place for a bullit to get in. His nose is got a upper teeth that's got no buzinez ware it iz, and if a boy shood set down on it he better sta plugd up with the tooth, rels he'll be all won pore. I'd rathar be a polliwog if I wuz a rinozerus, tho' I spose if I wuz I woodent.

A girl hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" when he came home to dinner, set two plates for the expected guests.

Proverbial philosophy—One hair in the hash will cause more hard feeling than seven illuminated mottoes on the wall can overcome.

A good-natured traveler fell asleep in a train, and was carried beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke, isn't it?" said a fellow-passenger. "Yes, but a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.

A Cincinnati man disappeared and seven detectives could'nt find him in nine weeks. But a shrewd politician got the mayor to appoint the man to office, and two hours later he came in on the run to be sworn in.

Flasher, having had his portrait painted, asks the opinion of his friend Dabbs, a retired house painter. Dabbs: "Well, it's like you: but if you've paid $75 for it you've been done. Why, there ain't half a pound of paint on the whole thing!"

A little boy who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned, his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. "No, mother, I didn't. You told me always to give the biggest piece to the company, and I was the company over there."

AN ALLIGATOR STORY.

Mr. Jones goes in search of alligators, and captures a young one.

Thinks he relishes frogs, consequently feeds him thereon.

The Alligator thrives and grows so that he needs more nourishment, consequently he takes Mr. Jones. Thus endeth a sad tale.

STREET SCENE—AN ARISTOCRATIC "ARAB."

SOCIETY SKETCHES.

A Reformer, who takes for refreshment a chair and a glass of water.

At noon, up stairs, at the hotel
Too hot for anything.

THE MORNING'S REFLECTION.
A very nice one, too!

PLAYFULNESS AMONG THE RUINS.
"Now, you naughty thing you! I'm going to jump. Do you think you can hold me?"

At the seashore.
The great pail trick.

Up first as usual. Feelings of pity cause us to omit the picture of poor Papa puffing and blowing half a mile lower down.

TRAMP.—Excuse me, marm, I don't want to seem too particular, but them ere pants ain't the latest style plaid and ain't got no pistol pocket either. I guess I'll not take 'em. They might probably do to cut down for your boys, if you've got any, but you can, of course, do as you like about that. So if you'll just give me a bit of rare done cold roast beef, and a glass of new, unskimmed milk, and a clean napkin, I won't trouble you further.

Represents the devotion of the good husband waiting up for the wife of his bosom, whom he has persuaded to seek in society a little relaxation from her arduous household duties. A good deal of this sort of thing goes on, does it not?

A celebrated physician boasted at his dinner-table, around which sat a company of his friends, that he cured his own hams. One of his guests replied, "I should rather be your ham than your patient."

A certain noted physician at Bath was complaining in a coffee-house in that city that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand pounds each; and yet he could find nobody to marry them. "With your *lave*, doctor," said an Irishman present, stepping up, and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take *two* of them."

MODERN STREET BEGGARS.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

Funny items are made by adroit turns of the humor wrist.

The little knots of hair on the head of a Chinaman are curly-queues.

The hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come to a square root he is there—the hog is.

"What makes the hair fall out?" asks a correspondent. Usually it is the property of the deceased that makes the heirs fail out.

UNSPOKEN LOVE.

"Two *soles*, with but a single thought!"

A Button Calf.

A doctor of divinity in one of our eastern colleges is fond of going into the country, where, unmolested, he may play upon the violin. He must be a fiddle D. D.

A little three-year-old said to her mother one day, "Mamma, you married papa so that no one else could get him, didn't you?" Her ideas of human nature were quite earnest.

An Arkansas journal says that they have in that state a spring so powerfully impregnated with iron, that the farmers' horses which drink at it never have to be shod, the shoes growing on their feel naturally.

A Tight Pair.

A popular clergyman was greatly bored by a lady who admired him without reserve. "Oh! my dear Mr. ——," said she last Sunday afternoon, "there isn't any harm in one loving one's pastor, is there?" "Certainly not, Madam," replied the worthy cleric, "not the least in the world, so long as the feeling is not reciprocated."

A professional beauty, though two words, is only one silly belle.

A Connecticut woman was appointed constable the other day, and the first thing she said was: "Now I *shall* catch a man."

Mary Walker asserts that the Venus de Medici never wore corsets. Of course not. She didn't wear anything; her wardrobe was tore so.

A Cow Hide Pair.

Grace—"I am going to see Clara to-day have you any message?" "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

We have just read a handkerchief flirtation code, and advise all men desiring to avoid breach-of-promise suits to wipe their mouths with their coat-tails.

Last summer she was eating green corn by gnawing it from a cob, when her teeth became entangled with a corn silk. "Oh dear," said she impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn made they would pull out the basting threads!"

"Just one!" murmured he, involuntarily drawing closer to the luscious lips that smiled upon him with such bewitchingness, while his own quivered in an agony of expectant anticipation. "So I notice," replied she coolly, glancing at the clock, "and time for you to turn up your coat-collar, and shut the street-door from the outside."

The young woman who desires to have herself published in the newspapers as "fascinating, beautiful, and accomplished," will please pack up her clothes in a dirty towel, crawl out of the back up-stairs window some dark rainy night, and elope with the man who curries and feeds her dad's horses. It's a big price to pay for compliments, but it will bring them just as certain as a dirty rain-water barrel will beget mosquitoes in July.

A Kansas City German got angry with a banker of that place for demanding a heavy discount, and when the banker asserted it was "business," replied:

"Pisiness? Pisiness? You sit here all day .ong and rob a man barefaced before his pack und calls dat pisiness!"

"Why, Jimmy," said one professional beggar to another, "are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock."

"No, you mutton-head," responded the other, who was engaged in unbuckling his crutch, "I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you!"

A wag was requested by an old lady to read the newspaper for her. He took it up and read as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning, about one o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy, about forty years old, bought a big custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it, broke his right ankle off above his left knee, and fell into a dry mill-pond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers; a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb man was talking to his Aunt Peter." Whereupon the old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed:

"Du tell!"

"When young Mr. Spitzer left home for college, he took leave of his mother in this manner: "Mother, I shall write often and think of you constantly." When he returned two years later, he remarked to the anxious parent, "Deah mothaw, I gweet you once moah!" Imagine the feelings of a fond mother.

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domestic newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?"

"I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we *want it*, whereas the sun's with us in the day-time, when we have *no occasion for it*."

People may have noticed this sign in Mr. Dolan's store, on Broadway:

"Took Notais.—Mebbe you don't petter had loaf roundt here ven you don't got some peasnis—ain't it."

We suppose it was written by the same man who said:

"Ven some man slaps me on the shoulder und says: 'I vas glad to hear you vas so well,' und den sticks behind my back his fingers to his nose, I haf my *opinion* of dot feller."

Sorry her lot who loves two swells.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions when she is adding up a grocery bill.

Hanging is capital punishment—especially when you're hanging on some good-looking girl's arm.

Debating clubs are anxiously worrying themselves over the problem, which has the most bones—a $2.00 corset or a 50 cent shad?

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."

"In the bright complexion of my youth I'll have no such word as pale," and she reached for the rouge-box with the clutch of an angel.

A young lady graduate may, in after years, forget the title of her essay, but she will always remember how her white dress was made and trimmed.

They were having a family set-to, and she asked him if there was anything in the past that he would like to recall, and he heartlessly said: "Yes; the day you first refused me."

A hairpin is a very useful article to a woman. It serves the purpose of toothpick, button-hook, and hair-fastener, but all this is no excuse for having one in your vest-pocket, when your wife doesn't know where it comes from.

"I cannot imagine," said Squire B., "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head."

"Because," observed a wag, "you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains."

A little girl at school read thus: "The widow lived on a limbacy left her by a relative." "What did you call that word?" asked the teacher; the word is legacy, not limbacy." "But," said the little girl, "my sister says I must say limb, not leg."

It was a good retort of the long-eared Irishman who, being banteringly asked: "Paddy, why don't you get your ears cropped? They are too large for a man!" replied:

"And yours are too small for an ass."

A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none of them were long enough. "I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you had better apply at the next engine-house."

"Dovey," he said, "I think I was telling you after I came home last night about the necessity of some retrenchment in our expenditures, was I not?" "Well, really, I've forgotten, John," she answered, nonchalantly, "turn on the phonograph and see." He turned it on, and all it said was: "Whazzer mazzer—*(hic)*—mazzer? Whazzer mazzer?"

The compositor on a Philadelphia paper, by misplacement of a space, informed the *masses* of that city that Mr.———would address *them asses* at National Hall.

"Sit down!" said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise.

"I won't do it," was the impudent answer.

"Well, then, stand up. I will be obeyed!"

Honesty is the best policy, unless you can get about one hundred thousand dollars, and effect a settlement at fifty per cent.

Honor thy father and mother, particularly about circus time, when you don't know where to raise a quarter.

"Can there be anything brought into this House?" asked a disgusted member during the last session of the Legislature, "that will not be repealed sooner or later?"

One of the opposition suggested, "Yes, a skinned orange.'

Two Irishmen were talking about an accident, when the following colloquy occurred:

"Shure, how is the man that was hurt?"

"An' he's no bether."

"Is he conscious?"

"Yis, he's conscious, but divil a thing does he know."

An Irishman, fresh from the old country, saw a turtle for the first time, and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger, and he, holding it out at arm's length, said: "Faith, and ye had better let loose the howlt ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabers."

A certain minister was given to exaggeration. He was an excellent divine, and ever vivid in his illustrations.

If he ran across a small animal in his study, and did not know anything of its size, it would grow upon his imagination; and a mouse would assume the proportions of an elephant.

A member of his church one day complimented him on his excellent sermons, but told him of his habit of exaggeration.

"Well, the next time you notice it, just cough slightly by way of a reminder, and I'll reduce the figure," said the minister.

The next Sunday he was preaching upon Samson's tying the foxes' tails, and took occasion to remark:

"My brethren, the foxes in those days were much larger than the ones we now see; their tails must have been twenty feet long (slight cough in the congregation)—that is, according to their measurement, but according to our's say fifteen feet, (slight coughing)—but in order to be certain we will say, ten feet." (Coughing again.) Then becoming annoyed at the member, he turned to him and said: "You may cough as much as you please, but I'll not take another foot off—would you have the foxes without any tails at all?"

The Story of a Smoke.

IN SIX ACTS.

ACT I.—THE FILLING.

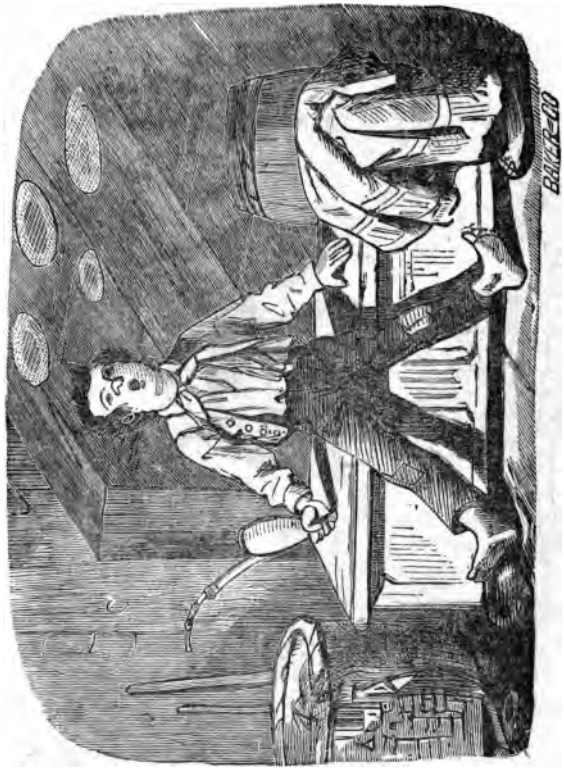
Johnny having succeeded in getting hold of the "old man's" pipe, fills her up, in the expectation of having a pleasant puff.

Johnny succeeds in "firing up," and endeavors to emit as much smoke as the "old man." He hopes to find much pleasure and comfort in the enjoyment of

ACT II.—FIRING UP.

"stolen sweets." He thinks of the time when he shall possess a bigger pipe and smoke better tobacco *than the* "old man."

Not having mastered the art of puffing smoke on the scientific method, Johnny allows the smoke to go back on him, and feels rather surprised at the back-



ACT III.—BEGINNING TO WORK.

ward turn of affairs. He begins to think that the pipe is a little too large for him, and believes that a smaller one will suit him better.

The pipe to the "old man" is a comfort, but Johnny feels very uncomfortable, and wishes the old man had taken his pipe along with him. He resolves

ACT IV.—IN A SERIOUS MOOD.

that he will never—no, never!—steal another smoke as long as he lives, but hopes that he may be *spared the pangs* of sickness.

Johnny cannot smother his feelings, and would not if he could. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint, and he wonders if the other fellers passed

ACT V.—CRUSHED.

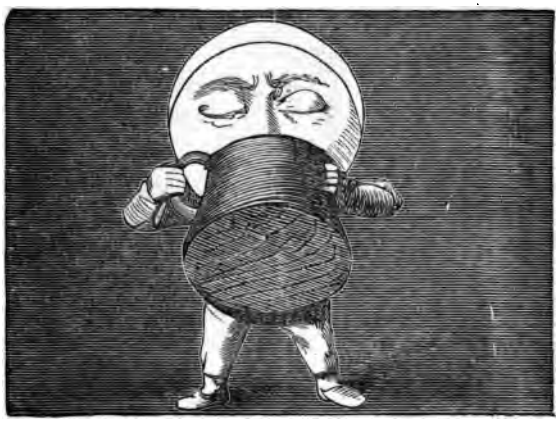
through such a trial ere they reached perfection. He believes that no one should smoke before they know how.

Johnny is past thinking, and is now putting forth his energies to give it all up. The "old man" never gets sick, and Johnny wonders why.

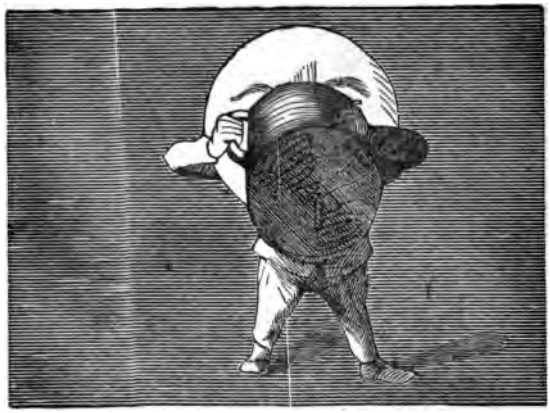
ACT VI.—GIVING IT UP.

A Total Eclipse.

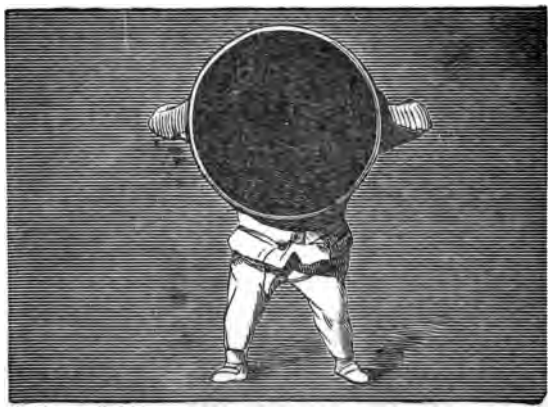
FULL MOON.



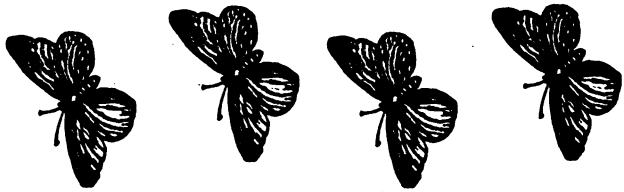
PARTIAL ECLIPSE.



THREE-QUARTER ECLIPSE.



TOTAL ECLIPSE.



The Surprise Party.

John Pinchbeck lived on Murray Hill,
  The upper crust among,
He had a healthy bank account,
  His wife was fair and young—
He'd earned a handsome competence
  By selling hides and leather—
His head was level, and his heart
  As light as any feather.

But John's wife, pretty though she was,
  And sociable and free,
Was fond of taking on French airs
  When in society.
To see the lady in her silks
  And diamonds array'd,
'Twas hard to b'lieve she once had been
  A simple dairy maid.

And so it was—and one fine day
  A couple stout and jolly—
Zeke Soper and his wife came down
  To see their darling Polly.

For Polly was the lady's name
  When at her spinning wheel,
But now she'd changed it to Pauline,
  As being more genteel.

"O lawful sakes!" Zeke's wife cried out,
  When she the mansion stood in,
"I hope I never more may see
  A bowl of hasty puddin'.

If this ain't scrumpshious! Only see
  The picturs on the ceilin'!
As nat'ral as life! Why, Zeke,
  I'm on the pint o' squealin'!

'It's fresco, is it? Well, I vow
  I'm dreffu1 glad you told me!
And see the carpets and cheers,
  And sofys! Zeke, hold me!
I'm nigh bustin' with amaze!
  I really am! Why, Polly,
With all these fixins round you gal,
  You must be awful jolly!

"It's mighty fine! But, goodness me!
Zeke, see them naked figgers
A-standin' on the mantel-piece!
They make me blush, by jiggers!

You say they're noble works of art,
And great folks come to view 'em?
Well, Polly dear, if I was you
I'd put some clothes onto 'em!

"What's that you say? Pauline's your name?
Good gracious me, what folly!
Why, wern't I by, you silly thing,
When you were christen'd Polly?

And if the name was good enough
  For your dear, blessed mother,
It's good enough for you, and I
  Sha'nt call you any other.

"But, speakin' of your christenin', Poll,
  To me it is bewilderin'
That you've been married seven years
  And ain't had any children.
Your ma had twelve, and I've had eight—
  Now, Polly dear, confess it,
A house, though grand, ain't worth a snap,
  Witnout a babe to bless it.

"What's that you say? You wish I'd try
And speak with more propriety—
That havin' babes is frowned upon
By folks in good society?
Jerusalem! But that beats all!
It's contrary to natur!
Society is dead agin
The laws of the Creator.

"I've got a kind of idea, Poll,
That you the Lord are grievin'.
Depend upon it, you can't take
Your fashions up to heaven.
You've kept from havin' babies,
But the Lord you cannot cozen,
And at the awful judgment day
You'll wish you'd had a dozen.

"But, deary me, I'm tired out!
My bones are achin' cruel—
Come, Polly, show us to our room—
I'd like a bowl of gruel.
And can't you get some bone-set tea
And mustard for a body,
And a warm hand-iron for my feet?
And Zeke would like some toddy!"

* * * * * * *

Next evening Mrs. Pinchback thus
Addressed her lord and master:
"Oh husband, how can we survive
This terrible disaster?

I'll die—I know I shall—if aunt
  And uncle with us tarry
Till they are seen by proud Miss Sharp
  And jealous Mrs. Barry.

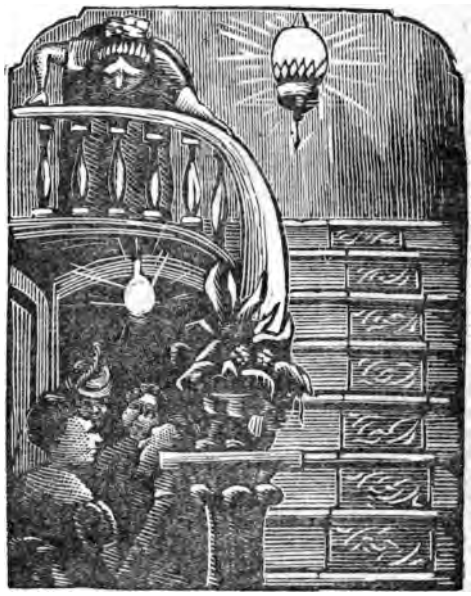
"Such a disgrace! just think of it!
  This morning at the table
The servants though afraid to laugh
  Aloud, were scarcely able
To hold their mirth when Uncle Zeke,
  By Aunt Jerusha follow'd,
Picked up the half filled finger bowl,
  And all the water swallowed!"

Just then the hall bell rang aloud
  And soon a summons hearty
Smote on the lady's startled ear,
  "Ha! Pinchbeck! Here's a party

We've come to give you a surprise
  We know you'll be delighted
And welcome us right cordially
  Though we were not invited!"

Poor Mrs. Pinchbock! How was she
  The dreadful blow to parry?
She heard the dreadful voices of her friends
  Miss Sharp and Mrs. Barry.

And many others whom she knew
  Delighted to perplex her,
And who would rummage high and low
  To scandalise and vex her.



"Friends!" cried the lady, "welcome all
  I'm glad to see you really!
Just pass down to the dining room
  And use the closets freely,
But please do'nt come up stairs, for we
  Two friends are entertaining—
Distinguish'd persons from abroad
  Both nervous and complaining!"

Oh, horror! Even as she spoke,
  A voice that made her shiver
Came from above, "Oh, Zeke!" it cried,
  "That syrup for my liver!
I've left it in the room below
  I cannot do without it—
Besides, there's company down stairs—
  Let's go and ask about it!"

Ere Mrs. Pinchbeck could prevent
  The act that her degraded,
The aged couple merrily
  The dining-room invaded.
To make the matter worse, Old Zeke
  Had taken too much toddy,
And felt that he was just as rich
  And grand as anybody.

"Why! how d' deu, gpod folks!" he cried,
  And then at Mrs. Barry
He winked and said, facetiously
  "Lord, what a spread you carry!
Well, make yourselves to hum at once
  Away with melancholly!
Hurrah! let's have a straight-four dance
  Jerushy, where is Polly?"

"She needn't keep herself so shy
  Because she's got a fortin',
She was as poor as anyone
  'Fore Pinchback did his courtin'—

But this I'll always say for Poll—
  No other gal, I reckon,
Could ekal her at dairy work,
  At washin', or a bakin'.

"Ah, here she is! and Pinchback too,
  Come, folks, bring on your fiddle,
And let us have an old time dance
  Up sides and down the middle!
Come, Polly, put your best licks in,
  Just as you used to do it
At all our frolics down to hum—
  Go on! I'll see you through it!"

Facetiæ.

FREDERICK TELLS HIS LOVE.

"And you really love me dearly?" he asked, as he coiled his arm around her wasp-like system. "And you'll always love me so?"

"Always, Frederick; ever so."

"And you pledge me to sew but——?"

"Sir!"

"You pledge me to so beautify my life that it will always be as happy as now?"

"With my last breath, Frederick."

"And, darling, you will mend my soc——?"

"Your what, sir?"

"You will mend my social ways and draw me upward and onward to a better existence?"

"It will be the pride of my love so to do, Frederick. I will sacrifice all for your complete happiness."

"I know that, sweetheart. But, suppose, in the fullness of time, some accident should happen to—to—say the trou———?"

"You forget yourself, sir. To the what?"

"To the trousseau. Would it defer the hour that makes you mine?"

"Never, Frederick. I am yours, mind and heart, and naught can separate us."

"But what I want to say is, that should my pant———"

"Begone, sir; what do you mean?"

"Hear me, my life. I say if my panting bosom should grow cold in death, would your love still warm it?"

"As the sun melts the icebesg, Frederick, so would the rays of my affection thrill your heart again."

"And you will care for me ever, my soul, and I for you; for though I may never have a shir———"

"Enough! Leave me forever."

"But listen. Though I may never have a shirking disposition, I shall sometimes, perhaps, in the struggle of life, forget the plain duty———"

"And I'll remind you of it, Frederick, in tender actions, and make the duties of existence so pleasant of performance that to avoid them will be pain."

NAMING THE BABY.

On the Bay City train the other day was a woman with a baby about eight mouths old, and in the next seat back was an old man who couldn't rest until he had said:

"That's a baby you have there, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"About a year old, isn't it?"

"Mercy, no! He's hardly eight months old yet!"

"Isn't, eh? Well, I'm the father of nine children, but it's been so long since I've seen a baby that I've

forgotten how they ought to look. Is he a girl?"

"No, sir; he's a boy."

"Just me, agin. I never can tell one from 'tother. Is he purty healthy?"

"Oh, yes."

"Squall much nights?"

"Never squalls at all."

"Don't, eh? That's the kind of a young 'un I like to see around. My Samuel did nothing but howl for the first two years, Sarah was allus sick, Moses fell out of the cradle and broke his arm, and something or other allus ailed every one of the lot. Have you named this baby yet?"

"Haven't, eh? Say?"

"Yes, sir."

"'Sposen you call him arter me? My fust name is Jefferson, and they call me Jeff for short. I've got two $10.00 gold pieces here for him if you want to call him Jefferson."

"I'll do it!" psomptly replied the woman.

"That's business. Here's the cash, and the boy is named Jefferson, arter me. Lemme kiss him about four times."

The baby was duly kissed and congratulated, and at the next station he left the train with his mother. The old man was tickled half to death over the matter, until the conductor came along and asked:

"Did you pay her anything to name the baby after you?"

"Yes—twenty dollars. He's a clipper and don't you forget it."

"And so is his mother. She's down in the Detroit

House of Correction, and the woman who had him takes care of him for two dollars a week."

"N-o-a!"

"Fact."

The old man's jaw fell, his eyes remained fixed on the ceiling for a minute, and then he fell back in his seat with the exclamation:

"Chaw me! Everybody has called me a fool for the past twenty years, and now I know they were right! Conductor!"

"Yes."

"Please mop the floor with me, and break my neck, and step on me a thousand times, and then throw the mangled wreck into some swamp, for I wun't be no more good in this world!"

"Do you play the piano?" "No; I don't play the piano, but my sister Hannah, who is in Savannah, she plays the piano, in the most charming mannah." "Haveabanana?"

Whenever you see a woman talking at a man, and beginning to nod her head and keep time to it with her upraised index finger, it is about time for somebody to climb a tree.

"Hould aisy, Mike," said one of two Irish pedestrians, as he reverentially approached a milestone. "Thread lightly," said he, "for here lies a very ould man." Pat carefully spelt out the inscription, "Baltimore—154 miles," and then continued—"He was 154 *years ould,* and his name was Miles, from Baltimore."

GOOD ADVICE.

If thou dost bid thy girl farewell
  But for one hour though that farewell may be,
Press thou her palm, old man; how canst thou tell
  How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead her feet,
  Ere thy next interview. Girls have been known
To lightly turn the corner of a street,
  And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,
  Before they looked into loving eyes again—
That is in yours—and we have other fears,
  But can't explain.

Therefore, lest sundry whims should come between,
  Or some new masher—clasp with pressure true
The waist of her who goeth forth, and lean
  And kiss her too!

Yes, find thou always time to chin
  Some music in between the smile and smirk,
O, collar thou the present, and get in—
  Get in thy work.

"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends auctions. She went once, just before we were married, and, seeing a friend on the opposite side, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wanted it delivered."

HORSERADISH.

A sallow-faced man, dressed in faded and insufficient garments, with a knotted, sandy beard, skipped lightly into a Danbury dry-goods store the other afternoon. He had hugged close up to him in one arm a glass jar, with a bit of dingy muslin over it.

e wanted to see the proprietor, and a clerk obligingly pointed out that gentleman to him, who was then engaged in the herculean task of selling a lady a half yard of linen. The stranger stalked up to him.

"Be you the boss, mister?" he asked, with a seductive smile.

"Yes, sir; anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, said the stranger, carefully depositing the jar on the counter and with an air as if the counter had been erected with this object steadily in view; "I've got a prime article of horseradish here that I want to sell you."

"I don't want to buy any," said the merchant, with a tinge of pettishness in his tone.

"It's a prime article, I can tell ye."

"I don't want it."

"But you ain't looked at it; you ain't tried it," argued the vender.

"I tell you I don't want it."

"You can have it for fifty cents, although it's worth seventy-five. I'll dump it right out in a paper, or I'll leave the jar, and you can bring it back to-morrow."

"I don't want it, I say! Take it away!" demanded the merchant, flushing slightly in the face.

"Don't you get in a hurry, boss," persuasively urged the proprietor of the condiment. "You don't git such

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB. (*New.*)

The following is the Chinese version of Mary and her lamb:

Was gal named Moll had lamb,
Flea all samee white snow,
Evly place Mol gal walkee,
Ba ba hoppee long too.

We heard a son of Erin trying to surround Mary and her little lamb the other day, and this is the way he understood it:

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white intoirly;
An' wherever Mary wud sthir her sthumps,
The young shape would follow her complately.

So celebrated a poem should have a French version:

La petite Marie had le june muttong,
Zee wool was blanchee as ze snow,
And everywhere La Belle Marie went
Le june muttong was zure to go.

Oui Monsieur: you avez un very large imagination; mais comment est this, your Deutsche:

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf;
Mit hair yust like some vool;
Und all der place dot gal did vent
Dat schaf go like em fool.

We inscribe the following version to the dear girls of Boston:

Tradition testifies, and history verifies the testimony, that one Mary was at one time possessed of a youthful member of the genus sheep,

Whose excellence of blood and neatness of
manner rendered his, or her, exterior
fringe as beautifully trans-
lucent as the driven,
beautiful snow,
And it is stated in the most authentic manner
(pp. 2 and 3 vol. 1, Nursery Rhymes, q.
v.) that nowhere did the charming
little lady (probably a Bos-
ton girl) perambulate,
But the aforementioned quadruped verte-
brate did with alacrity ap-
proximate thither.

WHEN TO SET A HEN.

Josh Billings tells us that the best time to set a hen iz when the hen iz reddy. I kant tell what the best breed iz, but the shanghigh is the meanest. It costs as much tu bord one az it duz a stage hoss, and you might az well try to fatt a fannin-mill bi runni oats thru it. Their aint no profit in keepin a hen for hiz eggs if he laz less than one a day. Henz iz very long-lived if they dont contract the throat dizeaze; there iz a great menny goes to pot every year, by this melancholly dizeaze. I kant tell eckzactly how tu pick out a good hen; but az a general thing, the long-eared ones I know are the least apt to scratch up a garden. Eggs packed in ekal parts of salt and lime-water will keep from 20 tu 30 years if tha are not disturbed. Fresh beef steak iz good for henz. I suppose 4 or 5 pounds a day iz all that a hen would need at fust along. I shall be happy to advise you at any time on the hen question—and take it out in eggs.

Illustrated Lessons on Base Ball.

MUFFIN GAME

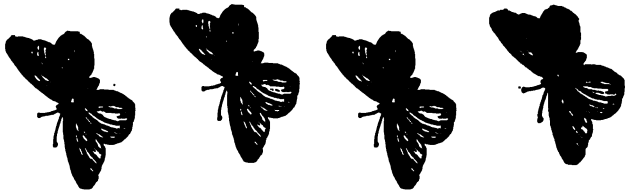
PITCHER

IN-FIELDER

HOME RUN

FIRST BASE

HOT BALL



Love's Troubles Suicidal.

When Josh got home from marketing,
He sought his Mary Ann,
And found that she, the heartless one,
Gone off with another man.

Ann then most awful tight he got,
  And so he went away,
And bound himself to cut live oak,
  All down in Flor-i-day.

Mosquitos bit him everywhere,
  No comfort did he get,
And O how terribly he'd swear
  Whenever he got bit.

At last despairing of relief,
  And wishing himself dead,
He went into the woods a piece,
  And chopped off his own head.

A cowardly fellow having kicked a newsboy for pestering him to buy an evening newsyaper, the lad waited till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted in the hearing of all bystanders, "It's no use to try him, Jim, he can't read."

"Now, John, suppose there's a load of hay on one side of the river and a jackass on the other side, and no bridge, and the river is too wide to swim, how can the jackass get to the hay?"

"I give it up."

"Well, that's what the other jackass did."

Odds and Ends.

THE MAN WHO HADN'T ANY OBJECTION.

The editor of St. Twel'mo, noted for his love of a practical joke and a slight impediment in his speech, was "on duty" at the fair of the American Institute, and, finding a convenient point of rest behind a pyramid of paste and black ink, went quietly to work to write up his notes. He had just completed a glowing eulogium on the merits of a patent bean-sifter, when he was interrupted by a tall countryman, who asked:

"Haow do yer sell blackin', mister?"

"I d-d-don't sell it," said the absorbed writer.

"Don't giv it away, due ye," said the querist, handling a box covetously.

"I ha-ha-haven't gi-gi-given any away," yet said the still absorbed knight of the pen.

"Hain't got any objections to my takin' a box, have ye?" persisted the torment.

"N-n-not the l-l-least in the world," said the now thoroughly aroused joker, calmly closing his book and beaming blandly upon his interrogator.

The countryman immediately seized upon a box of the polish; a sharp boy standing near followed his example; the news of free blacking soon spread

among other sharp boys, and the pyramid of blacking was soon reduced to a plain, when the newspaper man was overtaken a little distance further in the hall by the blacking dealer, irate and red faced, with two policemen, who had the original offender and a half a dozen boys in custody.

"What the blazes do you mean," said the man of polish, in anything but polished language, "by setting people to steal my blacking?"

"M-m-my dear sir," said the paragrapher, urbanely, "the gentleman asked me if I ha-ha-had any objection to his t-t-taking a box of the blacking, and I hadn't any objections at all, and I don't see why I should have." And he walked on quietly in pursuit of his labors, leaving Messrs. Day & Martin to charge a gross of paste and blacking to profit and loss.

THE MERRY BULLDOG AND THE PANTS.

A calm, delightful autumn night—
A moon's mysterious, golden light—
A maiden in her window hight,
In robes of pure and fleecy white.

The little wicket gate ajar—
A lover tripping from afar,
With tuneful voice and light guitar,
To woo his radiant guiding star!

A lute, with seft, insiduous twang—
O, how the doting lover sang,
A bulldog, with remorseless fang—
A nip, a grip, a deathly pang.

A maiden with a startled glance—
A shrieking for deliverance—
A kind of weird, hilarious dance—
A pair of riven doeskin pants—

A maiden fainting with affright—
A lover in a sickening plight—
A bulldog chickling with delight—
A wild, delirious autumn night!

A FAMILY EPISODE.

At 8 o'clock the other morning a wife followed her husband down to the gate, as he was starting for down-town, and kindly said to him:

"William, you know how sadly I need a blue bunting dress,"

"Yes, dear," he remarked, "but you know how hard up I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have the dress, and a new hat to boot. Be patient, be good, and your reward shall be great."

Forty minutes after that he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket and a fish-pole, bound for the river. In the basket was a chicken, pickles, cake, fruit, pie, and a bottle of liquid of rich color, and he was just lighting a 20-cent cigar when his wife came along.

"What! you here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I was going to the market. Where are you going—what's in the basket?"

"I was going to carry this fish-pole around to a friend on Jefferson avenue," he modestly answered.

"And that basket?"

"This basket—well, I was going to take it to the orphan asylum, as a present to the children. It is a donation from six leading citizens."

"William, I don't believe it!"

"Sh! don't talk so loud!"

"William, I shall talk louder yet!" she exclaimed.

"I'll bet you are going fishing!"

"Mary, have I ever deceived you?" he plaintively asked. "I never have! As proof of my sincerity you take this basket to the asylum yourself!"

"And I'll do it!" she promptly replied, as she reeved him of it.

"Mary, hadn't you———?"

"No, sir, I hadn't! You'd better hurry up with that fish-pole, as the man may want it, and be careful how you stand around in the hot sun!"

She left him there. He watched her take the car for home, and then he returned the fish-pole and crossed the street and said to an acquaintance:

"Tom, I'm suffering with neuralgia, and the excursion is off till next week. Too bad, we can never tell what a day may bring forth."

There was chicken and pickles and other good things on the table at dinner, but he never smiled. Even when his wife wished she was an orphan, if that was the way they were fed, he never betrayed the gloom in his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket, and he saw it labeled, "Good for Little Children," that he said:

"Mary, it is an awful thing for a wife to get the impression that her husband is a cold-blooded liar!"

"It must be," she said, as she finished the chicken.

ANECDOTES RESPECTING CLERGYMEN.

A dull preacher put all his congregation to sleep, except an idiot, who sat erect, with open mouth. Thumping the pulpit, the preacher exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot?" "Ay, sir," said the only wakeful hearer; "If I had not been an idiot, I should have been asleep too."

On a certain Sabbath, during a very severe drought, a minister prayed very earnestly for rain. On the night following, the rain fell in torrents, and occasioned a great amount of damage. A good old lady on Monday said, "This is just like our minister: he always overdoes everything he undertakes."

A good old Methodist preacher, long ago removed from this scene of temptation, in relating his "experience," said that woman's eye was once so powerful as to draw him thirteen miles over a rough road in winter, simply for her to tell him that she wouldn't marry him."

A Baptist and Congregational minister were riding together one day, when there was strong manifestation of a coming shower. The former suggested to the latter, who was driving, that he had better quicken the speed of the horse. The Congregationalist replied, "Why, brother? are you afraid of *water*?" "Oh, no!" said the Baptist; "I am not afraid of water: it's the *sprinkling* I wish to avoid."

Rev. Thomas Whittemore, D.D, had the reputation of being a very humorous man, who often employed his wit in the pulpit. While President of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad Corporation, he walked the entire length of the road, that he might have personal knowledge of its condition. While looking at some Irishmen who were moving a lot of rails, and were handling them rather roughly, he reproved them. The boss of the gang, not knowing him, said, "You go to——!"

Mr. Whittemore replied, "That is the last place I should wish to go to."

"Well," said the Irishman, "it is the *last* place you *will* go to."

THE BARBER AND THE FARMER.

BARBER: "Golley, Massa, see what I foun' in yer hair!"

FARMER: "Well, now, I declare, that is the whetstone I lost a year this comin' harvest!"

CONTRASTS.

A SERVANT IN 1770.

CONTRASTS.

SERVANT OF 1880.

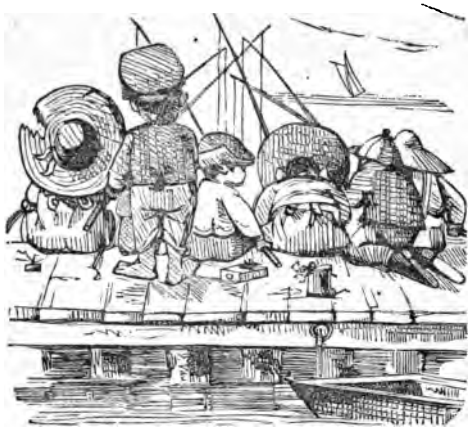
CONTRASTS.

A WOMAN OF 1770.

CONTRASTS.

A WOMAN OF 1880.

FISHING SCENES.



WAITING FOR A BITE.

THE BITE.

EX BINDING